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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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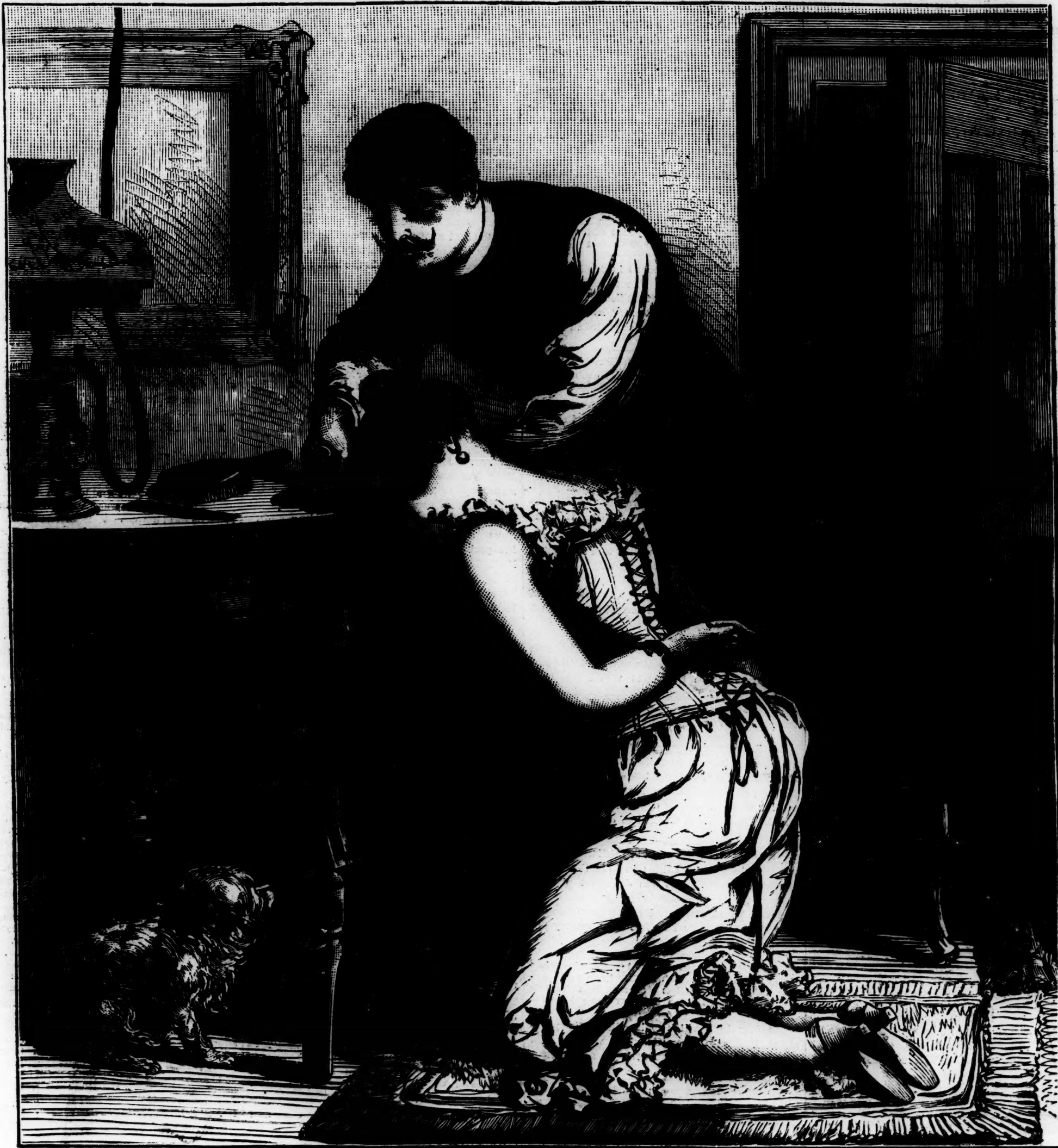
RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

[Three Months, \$1.00.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

[One Year, \$4.00.]

VOLUME XLV. No 22.
Price Ten Cents.



HOW HE CRIMPED HER HAIR FOR HER.

THE ASTONISHING SUCCESS OF AN AMIABLE AMATEUR IN FIXING THE BANGS OF HIS BEST SUNDAY GIRL.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, February 28, 1895.

**18
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GLADSTONE'S name is El Mud-dy.

ADVICE to dynamiters: Beware of widows.

EL MAHDI is a better man than O'Donovan Rossa.

WELL, this kind of February weather is not to be despised.

Not much of a Mahdi-gras for England, the False Prophet, eh?

THE Soudan now takes preference over the Congo in public interest.

THE dynamiters are in court. That is the next thing to a safer place.

MURDER trials go slow in New Jersey, but they generally come out right.

THE British troops cannot starve in the desert, because of the sandwiches there.

THE New Orleans Exposition seems to be almost as big a failure as the Excise law.

A PEDESTAL for Bartholdi's statue of the Goddess of Liberty—a huge pair of roller skates.

In the excitement over the fall of Khartoum London has forgotten all about Mrs. Dudley.

Now that the New York conference is over, the cabinet-guessers are as much at sea as ever.

MICHIGAN is trying to keep up with the hard times by a reduction in the salaries of its county and State officials.

HAROLD DE WOLFE has been converted and let out of jail. De Wolfe will soon be gambling de lamb of opera comique.

ENGLAND never was brought so close to the ragged edge as now. She cannot retreat, and to advance may mean disaster.

THE Journalist, which has changed hands, is now an excellent publication and especially interesting to newspaper men.

CAN we be accused of relapsing into barbarism when our tenderest dudes take to crimping the bangs of their best girls?

THREE men were recently found dead in a Brooklyn barber shop. And yet the average knight of the razor is not a happy man.

THE general opinion concerning the views of "Old Tecump" on the Egyptian question is that he is as safe and sound on matters of war as ever.

BLAINE has not been invited away from Washington to go fishing, so he will probably be a spectator to the inaugural demonstrations on March 4.

PASSENGERS on transatlantic steamers are cautioned not to fool around the festive gamblers who "work" the various lines. They had better not gamble, in fact.

THE members of the Board of Education in Jersey City take a savage delight in shooting off their mouths at each other. A nice example they offer the young folks.

DURING the past week Fortune has had a rather difficult task retaining her seat on Grover Cleveland's doorstep. Politicians tried hard to put her to flight and to usurp her place.

WILLIAM ILIFFE, a blacksmith of Stockton, Md., has sailed for England, where an earldom and fortune awaits him. While working at the anvil he was a believer in the grand divide scheme, and an admirer of Henry George. He has changed his mind about such little matters since he 'eard from 'ome.

A TRAIN of cars was blown from the track on the Colorado Central Railroad recently—not by dynamite, but by another explosive now in general use among revolutionists—wind.

Ex-Gov. HOYT, of Pennsylvania, says that when he was in college he and his classmates got board for eighty-seven cents a week. Yes, but now they don't give lunch with beer.

WE haven't heard the particulars of the fire in the signal service office at Washington, but shouldn't wonder if the fellow who runs the thermometer had been trying to warm the old thing up.

CHARITY has to cover a thundering lot of sins—in a dramatic sense—when it is used by Murray Hill amateurs as a disguise for their conceit in producing the perennial "Romance of a Poor Young Man."

BECKY JONES is weakening. She is tired of holding her tongue so long, and, like Sterne's starling, "wants to get out." The Lord help the poor court stenographer when the mill-dam of Becky's eloquence is let loose.

It looks as if Engineer Melville wouldn't write the name of any patron across the face of the North Pole in a hurry. The population in that vicinity scarcely warrants the expenditure of \$200,000 in such advertisement.

PITTSBURG is not a healthy city to live in just at present. Between an armed body of Socialists, thirsting for gore, and a reservoir of natural gas beneath the town, ready to explode, even London would seem preferable to live in.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY began life as a school-teacher at \$8 a month, and in fifteen years saved \$300.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Good for Susan. Most girls began life as babies, and can't teach school till they are twenty years old or thereabouts.

ANOTHER 106-year-old negro is dead who remembered Washington. The returns are not all in, but it is safe to say that there are several lingering around who not only knew George very well, but had a speaking acquaintance with Martha.

AN Austrian scientist has discovered that morphism and alcoholism can be cured by the use of cocaine chloride. Such being the fact, there will now be a regular go-as-you-please race, the remedy being the only thing that has been lacking.

A KANSAS CITY editor has patented a pair of triple shears by which he can cut out a paragraph or a column at one snip. Since they discarded reporters and editors on the Kansas City papers the invention of some such thing as this was needed.

TWO Brooklyn dudes have just had a slugging match to decide who was the preferred candidate for a Brooklyn belle's affections. They hit each other real hard, too. It is this sort of thing that casts doubt on the statement that boxing is a manly art.

SOME Brooklyn people don't want the hideous Cogswell statue and fountain removed, because the square where it stands was formerly a lounging-place for men. Now it is deserted. Brooklyn loafers must be a more susceptible set than has been generally supposed.

MR. J. SPERRY, city editor of the Brooklyn Times, was given a complimentary dinner by the members of the staff the other evening. He has just returned from Europe, and his reception was a guarantee of the high esteem in which he is held. A number of clever speeches were made.

PHILADELPHIA has a dude millionaire who goes about smashing things just for the fun of paying for them. He gives diamond pins to waiters who are especially attentive to him, and otherwise verifies and exemplifies the old proverb that tells us in effect how money despises the company of a fool.

MR. OWNEY GEOGHEGAN's ghost seems to have lost none of the peculiarities which distinguished its sometime fleshy owner. It has been seen in a drunken and disorderly condition over on Long Island—Tribune.

The only thing which spoils this witty paragraph is that Oowney Geoghegan never was drunk, and was only disorderly in a technical sense.

"SUNSET" FOX, who is by long odds the brightest and most versatile man ever sent to Congress by a New York district, has written a book which is published by J. A. & R. A. Reid, of Providence. It is entitled "Three Decades of Federal Legislation—Union, Disunion, Reunion." It is beyond question the most interesting work ever got up by a public man, and throws Jim Blaine's pompous and tiresome recollections into the shade. Sunset is a live fellow and about as fine a type of American as goes round.

A PRIZE has been awarded to the division of Wolseley's army making the best time going up the Nile. Under existing circumstances, there would be a lively competition for a prize offered to the division making the best time coming back.

THE East New York deacon who scandalized the elders by dancing a Highland fling at a church festival, recently, excuses himself on the plea that David "danced with all his might" before the ark, girded with a linen ephod, a sort of Jewish tartan kilt. The deacon, who is an untamed Scotchman, has evidently studied Scripture to some purpose.

It is well the rules of Congress do not permit members to call each other liars, else there might have been trouble in the House when Messrs. King and Hisscock crossed each other recently. Fortunately these gentlemen did not accuse each other of lying; each merely charged the other with willfully perverting the truth. This makes a difference—under the rules.

THE New York Sun republishes a poem that it found going the rounds of the papers a year or two ago, and begs that somebody will tell who wrote it. We don't know, but if no author claims it within a week or two we think Col. John A. Joyce may be safely relied on to come to the front. Col. Joyce, as everybody ought to know, is one of the authors of "Beautiful Snow."

COL. J. A. KNOX, of our esteemed contemporary, Texas Siftings, was stopping in Pittsburg lately and was bold enough to tell the following grotesque truth about his press-work: "Yes, we are now principally located in New York, because we can cover the country better from there. Everything goes there. We run our paper off on one of the POLICE GAZETTE presses. On an adjoining press the Christian at Work is printed and a Catholic paper on another. It is simply the matter of getting the work done, and the office referred to is the best equipped of the kind in New York."

WHY, CERTAINLY.

CLOVER HILL, Feb. 9, 1895.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Being very much in need of some money and being a Stranger here I thought perhaps you could let me have about \$100 for about one year and I will pay you back with interest at 8 Per cent.

Yours Respectfully

W. H. BOAK,
Clover Hill,
Kings Co.,
N. Y.

Via Sussex

W. H. Boak, of Clover Hill, Kings county, New Brunswick via Sussex, was evidently struck by the biggest inspiration that ever hit him when he wrote that letter. If he had sat up of nights for a twelvemonth he couldn't have selected a better party to address, under his peculiar circumstances, than Richard K. Fox. Luckily, there are very few people in need of money, nowadays, but, few as they are, Providence expressly and especially created Richard K. Fox to supply their necessities. He sits all day beside a bin full of gold and silver, and within easy reach of a regular haystack of fifty-dollar bills, for he recognizes as his only real task in life the business of handing over a trifling sum—never less than a hundred dollars apiece—to every man, woman and child who comes along and takes the trouble to ask for it. The immense interests over which he presides, the thousand important details of publication which call for his energies and his attention every hour in the twenty-four, the responsibility of finding employment and compensation for the army of workers which he commands—these are not the matters to which he ought to give his time and thought. Not a bit of it.

No. All that Richard K. Fox has to do in this vale of tears and impecuniosity is to sit at his desk all day responding with a handful of cash or a blank check to the demands for assistance which every dead-broke, indolent or unfortunate fellow-creature chooses to address to him.

That, at all events, is the view of Richard K. Fox's sole business in life which is taken by at least ten letters received in each of his mails. That, according to the W. H. Boaks and all their kind, is all that the POLICE GAZETTE was founded for.

But Richard K. Fox doesn't want to monopolize this philanthropic racket. He doesn't want to be hogish even in his generosity. Other editors and publishers have equal privileges—some, indeed, by virtue of their seniority have a greater right to administer cash and comfort to distressed humanity. Mr. Dana, for instance, at the Sun, or Mr. Bennett, of the Herald, or the Harpers—it is their turn first. Just as soon as they have been exhausted and knocked out by the victims of an universal and unceasing insolvency, Richard K. Fox will step into the arena and tackle with confidence and the accumulations of a lifetime the conglomerated misfortunes of all mankind.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



"Old Joe" Elliott is the best-known sporting reporter in America. His face used to be one of the most familiar at all ring sides and in all judges' stands the country over. Of late years he has been living in an honorable retirement on a liberal pension awarded him by James Gordon Bennett—but at all the big boxing matches and wherever great races are run on their merits, Uncle Joseph is always on hand when "Time" is called.

John J. Phelps, of this city, is having a yacht built at Nyack, N. Y.

Fred. Gebhard, owner of Eole, has registered his colors on the English turf as pink and gold.

Michael F. Dwyer was among those who enjoyed the sights in Montreal, Canada, last week.

Young Lynch, of the Victoria Hotel, is complaining less of hard times than almost any other room-keeper here.

David Bonner has added the two-year-old Archie Dean, by Nottbourne, dam by Bonnie Dundee, to his stable of trotters.

Tommy Costello, the ex-jockey and present trainer, a few days ago declined an offer to go to Virginia and train for J. D. Holmes.

The price at which Harry Ubert is said to have sold his room to Sexton & Co. is \$10,000. The real figures are probably by \$4,000 nearer \$6,000.

During the coming spring, John F. Gleason will probably spend a month or two at the Hot Springs of Arkansas or elsewhere in the South.

Umpire John Kelly has been an invalid for some time past, and recently had to have an operation performed for fistula, from which he has greatly suffered.

E. W. Johnston, the well-known athlete, is in Toronto, Ont., where he will undergo an operation on his ankle. It is reported by the doctors that he is laid up for keeps.

The schooner-yacht Carmelita is almost ready for her trip from this city to San Francisco, Cal., by way of the Horn, upon which lengthy cruise she will set sail in about ten days.

Jimmy Roe, formerly trainer for the Dwyers, has his stable of four good 'uns—Little Minch, Strickland, Cricket and Rocket—at Sleepershead Bay, and all are reported to be in prime health. The probability is that Jimmy will have a large share of success this year.

Sexton's Bowery room has been for sale for a year past, and for not more than half the sum Sexton paid for it in 1878. Buyers of billiard-rooms are not plentiful nowadays. Landlords, as a rule, have the best of the game. Sexton can do more for the landlord in Broadway than in the Bowery. Therefore, he will probably cling to his new location, where he has begun as promisingly as he did in the old, and give up the latter, which, whether he retains or sells, is reasonably certain to continue to be a billiard-room.

Tim Donaghue, Jr., son of the veteran fast skater, oarsman and scull-maker, while skating on the Hudson river, opposite Newburgh, N. Y., last week, struck a weak spot and went through. He remained in the water a long time before being discovered and fished out by friendly hands. He was quite numb with cold, and had sustained slight injuries about the face and head by coming in contact with the ice, but he soon came round again after being taken home and cared for. Like his respected papa, he's tough.

Mrs. Georgiana Benedict, of Brooklyn, was shot while in company with Joe Pendergast, the boxer, in the Oriental Hotel, Brooklyn, L. I., on Sunday night, Feb. 1. In the statement made at St. Mary's Hospital to Police Sergeant Buckholtz she exonerated Pendergast from all blame, saying that, in picking up a lace scarf which lay on the revolver, the weapon was accidentally thrown onto the marble slab of the dressing-case, and exploded, causing the injury. Pendergast was released from custody, but feels his position keenly, especially as the wound is dangerous.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Vast Difference Between Reality and Imagination in Theatrical Private Life.

It can't ever be claimed against the POLICE GAZETTE—particularly so far as this column is concerned—that it has exaggerated the joys and horrors of an actor's life.

Not much. If we have been anything we have been beautifully and consistently candid. As a natural and logical consequence, the "profession" doesn't like the POLICE GAZETTE, and would hit it real hard with a feather if ever it got a chance to do so with perfect safety.

But though the "dramatic artists" aren't over much enamored of us because of our unpleasant yet wholesome habit of telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, there are lots and lots of admirers of the stage and innocent people curious to know something about its true inwardness to whom we come every week like an out-and-out revelation. One of these honest creatures writes to us to inquire



Mr. Squirl as he isn't.

how the great luminaries of the stage spend their abundant leisure time. Our correspondent is a young lady who is not above the weaknesses of her sex, and who desires information of the principal stars of the present day because she either adores or envies them. She is good enough to particularize three members of the "profession," and says she will be very much obliged to us if we will be so good as to tell her what sort of a life each leads in private to the best of our knowledge and belief.

It wouldn't be well to print the real names, for such a free advertisement would breed envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness in the bosom of every actor and actress out of jail. So we will deftly conceal the individuality of each of the subjects of this sketch with an alias—an alias more or less transparent, but an alias none the less.

The intellectual giants of the stage to whom she alludes are Mr. Frank Squirl, the popular and handsome leading man of the Union Square theatre, Miss Pansy Coddings, of the celebrated Polack Theatre Company, and Miss Castorine Shoeless, the beautiful and accomplished *prima-donna assoluta* of English comic opera, so called.

Let us contrast, for the benefit of our fair and inquiring correspondent, the real lives and the ideal existences which they enjoy.

In theory Mr. Frank Squirl inhabits a magnificent suite of rooms furnished with a princely disregard of



Mr. Squirl as he is.

expense. The deep-embowered windows are hung with Persian tapestries. The inland floors are covered with rugs and furs of inexpressible value. Glittering with precious stones and attired in the latest style, Mr. Squirl lounges languidly all day on an ottoman, a silken fez upon his pale, intellectual brow, and a cigarette in his mouth, listening to the plash of a perfumed fountain as he studies the deep and intricate mysteries of the dramatic art. Or else, attended by a faithful servant in full livery, the talented young artist wearily permeates his mass of flattery, not to say, idolatrous correspondence, and with a pensive grace selects the "maishes" to whom he shall graciously communicate his condescending willingness to make their acquaintance.

Whereas, in fact, Mr. Squirl, as soon as the theatre is out at night, falls in with a "gang" of his friends and tumbles round from one Broadway saloon to another until daybreak. Then, with a bursting forehead, a

thickened tongue and a consuming thirst, he goes home to his roach-haunted back-hall bedroom and snores apoplectically until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He rises, hurriedly makes his toilet, turning his collar and his cuffs as a feature of that operation, and after collecting three or four cocktails in various popular



The romantic view of Miss Coddings.

resorts in which his credit still survives, in a paralytic condition sneaks into a little hash foundry on Union square and hangs up the proprietor thereof for his dinner—a satisfying but inexpensive dish of liver and bacon or some equally nutritious delicacy. After which he steadily drinks beer until it is time to go to the theatre.

Take the ideal existence of Miss Pansy Coddings. You find her (in your mind, be it understood) palatially housed on Fifth avenue. She has a suite of apartments of the most indescribable magnificence. Valuable dogs and cats give color and movement, and let us be candid, odor as well to the splendid chambers. The laces, the draperies—the general luxury, what mere newspaper writer can do them justice? A brigade of dainty handmaidens demurely attends her and gratifies her slightest wish. Her meals are the re-



The reality of the same.

fections of a goddess. In her own sacred boudoir, the light is supplied by the coronations of her jewelry. All day long suppliant swains kneel at her side and pour honeyed flatteries into her ear. The air is heavy with the odor of the bouquets which carpet her salons, and which are carried away by the wagon-load every morning. Tiffany's best and highest-priced designer sits up of nights thinking out new forms of diamond jewelry for her.

That is the picture of imagination. Here is the Fact—with a big F at that. She sits in her dingy three-pair-back, over a sewing-machine, making over a *Lady Tease* undershirt into a "Worth-creation" to be advertised as "specially imported" for *Lady Clare*. And when she isn't doing that she is either sparring with her landlady over the question of deferred board, or she occupies herself in the sparkling and vivacious game of solitaire. Some-



The prima-donna of fancy.

times she puts in a *soiree* of intellectual repartee, pickle-tripe and lager beer, with a few prominent male ornaments of her profession. At others she lies in bed wondering whether her landlady will send her washing home, or, in a final outburst of pecuniary

impatience, reduce her, in poetic phrase, to Love's last shift, and that alone.

Do you want to know, fair correspondent, how the *prima-donna assoluta* puts in her blithe and joyous spare time—in fancy?

Why, she sits in her magnificent bedroom in front of a French mirror of the most expensive variety, on which reposes a pyramid of exotica. A soft, chaste, pensive light steals in through the ribboned laces of the window and illuminates the exquisite picture she makes as her deft handmaiden braids her golden tresses and repairs the ravages which the performance of the preceding evening made in her complexion.

The Fact?

Well, the Fact is a trifle different.

If you were to call on her in her "off hours" you would be surprised by the difference between romance and reality. You wouldn't see her sitting at a French plate mirror smiling over a pyramid of flowers. No, Miss Coddings. You'd find her in a five-dollar-a-week room, correspondingly unfurnished, making a frugal meal of Frankfurt sausages and sauerkraut, and if you should run across a handmaiden on the premises,



The prima-donna of fact.

ten to one it would be the little overworked, underfed "slave" of the household bringing in a pint of beer from the nearest corner in the white stoneware wash-pitcher of the *prima-donna assoluta's* bedroom set.

There is a difference between fact and fiction—even in the private life of actors and actresses.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Frank Kilday is now killing nights on Union square.

Margaret Mather owns a \$20 team, including Mr. Hill.

Not one actor in Chicago had the decency to attend Ned Arnett's funeral.

"Sir Randall Roberts will remain in London." For this relief thank thanks.

Bill Thorne is now Duke of Normandy. This is a good basis on which to capitalize a big Loan Fund.

Mr. Terriss is to receive \$500 per week next season to support Mary Anderson in her American tour.

Boucicault, in one sense, is Dying Boucicault no longer. He has given up black-leading his hair.

Mrs. Verplanck is the latest gifted person who has come to the fore as a seller of plays for \$5,000 each.

Salvini is coming back again. The chances, luckily, are that he will die of apoplexy early in the season.

Dr. Mary Walker's new play will not be produced at Wallack's. Barnum has made a bid for it as a dramatic curiosity.

Lillian Russell is back plumper and handsomer than ever. She brings little Ed. Solomon and another infant with her.

Tody Hamilton resumes his former position next season as the bland and persuasive press-agent of the greatest show on earth.

Henry E. Abbey is a member of the Garrick Club in London. The Garrick Club is a good deal luckier than Henry E. Abbey.

Chinese dogs have come into fashion with French actresses, and it ought to be found profitable to import a cargo of them here.

Eily Coghlan is singing in sacred concerts. "The rich merchant" who married her under the Rose seems to have panned out badly.

Eric Bayley-Breslin has not been heard from lately. It is vaguely believed that he is tending bar in a Canadian free-lunchery.

Tony Pastor seems to be a trifle doubtful of the success of the Third Avenue theatre with Leavitt as his special partner. No wonder.

Walter Byttinge and his wife have left Janisch's company. This, like spring, indicates the breaking up of a hard theatrical winter.

Hart Conway is to go out with Boucicault once more. It can't be said, while Conway is with him, that Boucicault hasn't got any Hart!

Rich & Harris started out together as variety managers in Boston some years ago. Harris is now Rich and Rich is very much harried.

Miss Sophie Eyre, who is to be the leading lady at Wallack's next season, was recently married to Mr. Winslow, a wealthy young gentleman from California.

Howard Carroll's new play is said to be a trifle queer. It is a pity Howard should be reduced to bringing up the Rhea of the American Dramatic Authors' Association.

Miss Patrice Boucicault, Dion's youngest daughter, is shortly to be married to a young gentleman in private life. Miss Patrice has never been on the

stage. She is no more of an actress than the other young Boucys.

The Philadelphia critics confounded Hal-vey, who wrote *La Juive*, with Haverly, the manager, and are still expressing their admiration of the latter's versatility.

The Academy of Music has been leased by Austin & Stone, a couple of dime museum managers, and will be devoted hereafter to the exhibition of freaks and curiosities.

John A. Stevens says that he will begin an engagement in San Francisco in April, and that on June 18 he will play in Liverpool, Eng. This is worse than a dynamite threat.

The only difference, nowadays, between amateur actors and professional actors is that while neither of them gets any salary, it is the amateur only who confesses the truth.

Charley Mendum is once more at work—suing his mother-in-law. Mrs. Drew says some very bright and sparkling things about Mendum—even if they are a bit unpleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Tearle will, it is said, star next season, having been offered \$500 a week jointly, by a well-known gentleman. The gentleman will soon wish he hadn't.

Florence St. John is as great a failure in London in the character of a snake-charmer as her namesake was when he ran for the Presidency on an anti-snake-cold-water ticket.

Charlotte Thompson is coming back to this country soon. She is to play *Topay* to her brother Denman's *Uncle Tom*. John P. Smith will manage her on the same terms he did in 1793.

Olara Morris is playing to great business in the West and South. Recently, at Fort Worth, Texas, seats were sold at auction four days before her arrival, and the sale averaged \$2.50 a seat.

George Alfred Townsend has just taken a bath—a Turkish one at that. He is writing it up in column lengths all over the country as a new sensation. No doubt it was—*T. Townsend*.

Frank Moran neatly squelched a gang of dudes at Tony Pastor's, the other night, by remarking that his jokes were intended for the people in their seats, and not for the sardines in the box.

Agnes Proctor is to retire from W. J. Florence's company, and her place (leading lady) will be filled by Ethel Greybrooke, who thus rejoins her old company. Her old principals, she means.

Howard P. Taylor has just finished a new play for Kate Claxton. It is said to match her hair and style so exactly that another conflagration may be confidently looked for in all the theatres in which she produces it.

Margaret Mather is to play in New York at the same time with Mary Anderson, and both actresses will appear, at different theatres, of course, nightly in the same characters. This explains the panic in London.

Mrs. Langtry has been photographed clad from neck to heels in seal skin, and there has been a consequent rush on the London furriers. It is not stated which house furnished Mrs. Langtry her outfit for setting the profitable fashion.

Bennett G. Burleigh, special correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, who was wounded in a recent battle in the Sudan, was on the stage in Richmond, Va., during our war times. The Richmond play-goers are sorry to hear he escaped alive.

Mr. Townsend Percy is one of the best fellows in the world, but when he announces in print that he wouldn't for the life of him have anything to do with a bare-necked show, Mr. Townsend Percy rather mixes us up on the matter of his identity, so to speak.

Edwin Booth belongs to three of the best Boston clubs, but seldom visits any of them, preferring the domesticity of his charming new home in that city and the society of his daughter, Edwina, who also is adverse to leaving her father for a single evening.

Victorien Sardou, who is a pronounced Spiritualist, displays a copper plate exhibiting with marvelous skill and exactness a picture of Moliere's house, engraved in less than a minute, he says, "by spirits," which is taking a graver view of their powers than some people do.

A battle is brooding between Pat Feeney and Marie Lotius, the Milestan singer, charging the "I'm so shy" maiden with slandering him, while Frank Egerton threatens the descent of the myrmidons of the law on the Hibernian vocalist for having knocked him out in the melee in the theatre lately.

Young Plum-Duff is as blue as indigo over the failure of his well-meant effort (the twenty-ninth, if memory serves us right) to become an operatic manager. It is pleasant to realize that before long the cold-meat counter of Nash & Crook's restaurant will be once more enriched by the presence of an attendant who never should have left it.

When Sydney Rosenfeld localized Bur-nand's burlesque, he infused into it a life and vivacity which the torpid English editor of *Punch* distressingly omitted; and Manager Percy, in its present production, is to be congratulated twofold: first, in the selection of his librettist, and secondly, in his choice of performers. — *Dramatic News*, Feb. 14.

Another hero has lost his temper, about the same time as Mr. Schott. This time it is not a Volung or a Nibelung, but it is dear Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld. We have thought it our duty on various occasions to point out to our readers how much mischief Mr. Rosenfeld has done by his "adaptations" of foreign and English works. He has not the remotest idea of good fun and genuine humor. He has a morbid craving after negro minstrel puns, only he has never reached that standard yet. He is probably the only man, who aspires to do the work he does, who can spoil a libretto by a Zell or Genée, or Melhac and Halevy. He has a genius for knocking all the good out of whatever comes into his hands, and substituting it with vulgarisms and platitudes. And now he arises in his wrath and writes to a daily contemporary about "garrotting criticism," and advises the critic of that paper to educate himself into "that state of intellectual clearness necessary for my appreciation." Oh, rare Sydney-Ben Rosenfeld! — *Dramatic News*, Feb. 14.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.



"NED, WHY DID YOU DO SO?"

THE PATHETIC APPEAL ADDRESSED BY HIS WIFE TO EDWIN ARNOTT, AS HE LAY IN HIS COFFIN AT CHICAGO.

Beaten to Death.

Henry Strattman, of Vincennes, Ind., who has been of late very religiously inclined, has four children ill of typhoid fever. He has been

praying for their recovery and that his wife should change her religion to his own belief. On the evening of Feb. 6 Strattman was praying as usual, when his wife reprimanded him by saying that if he would build the fire he would

do more service than by praying. This enraged him, and he picked up a heavy hickory spade-handle and struck his wife several blows on the head and body. He then clubbed his sixty-three-year-old father-in-law, Christopher Ottomeyer, and almost instantly killed him. The police finally arrived and secured the man. Strattman is now in jail, and is thought to be insane. Mrs. Strattman is probably fatally injured. The chances are largely against her recovery.

"Ned! Why Did You Do So?"

We publish a sketch of the pathetic scene at the side of Ned Arnot's coffin in Chicago, where that well-known actor and good fellow committed suicide. His wife, whose quarrel with him was a scandal a year ago, wrung her hands over the insensate corpse, crying: "Ned, Ned! why did you do so?"



FRANK GIRARD,

A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR, AT PRESENT MANAGING A TRAVELING COMBINATION OF HIS OWN.

[Photo by Falk.]

Frank Girard.

For many years Frank Girard was not only the right bower but a goodly part, as well, or Tony Pastor's show. Now the amiable and portly Francis (who is, by the way, one of the few survivors of the Evening Star disaster) tastes both the sweets and bitters of management on his own hook as the head and front of the "Cold Day When We Get Left" combination.

Emma Nevada.

The excellent portrait we publish of Miss Wixon, the daughter of a well-known Nevada physician, will be at once recognized as a likeness of Miss Emma Nevada, the protegee of Mrs. Mackey, wife of the celebrated millionaire of that ilk. Miss Nevada has sung recently with great success in New York.



EMMA NEVADA,

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS MISS WIXON, THE GIFTED PROTEGEE OF MILLIONAIRESS MACKAY.

[Photo by Falk.]



A MISCHIEVOUS MADMAN.

HE INDULGES IN THE QUESTIONABLE LUXURY OF A LITTLE SELF-CREMATATION.



EDWIN ARNETT,

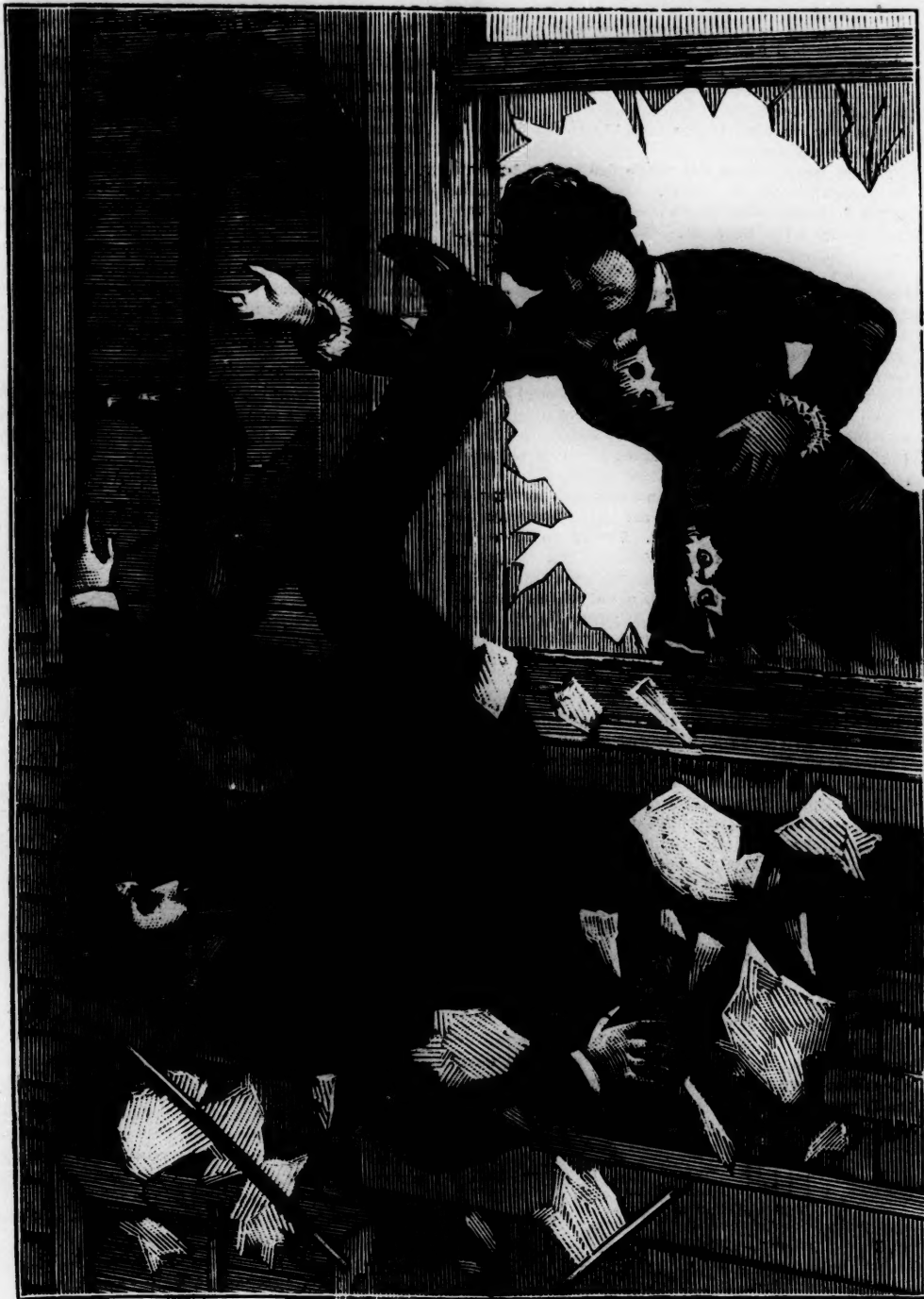
THE WELL KNOWN ACTOR WHO TOOK HIS OWN
LIFE IN CHICAGO RECENTLY.

Edward Arnett.

"Ned" Arnett, a well-known and very popular young actor, whose real name was Joh, and who had served as a British trooper, committed suicide in Chicago lately. Cause—poverty, wine and low spirits.

The Missing Editor.

On another page we publish an excellent portrait of Stillman S. Conant, editor



HIS STRONGER HALF.

DRUGGIST BEHRENS, OF HOBOKEN, AND THE ALLEGED BOUNCING OF HIM BY HIS BRAVNY WIFE.



STILLMAN S. CONANT,

THE MISSING AND, IT IS FEARED, DEMENTED
MANAGING EDITOR OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

finds a pleasant home. This railroader is one of the most experienced conductors on the rail. His motto is: "Always on time." He has won a host of friends among the many prominent people who daily ride with him. Among his railroad associates Conductor Carey is a great favorite, being noted for extreme good humor and love of fun. He keeps the boys alive with numerous jokes. It is said, however, that he is a strict temperance advocate. But a very strange fact in regard to this is that whenever he takes one of his co-workers under his wing



P. B. CAREY,

A WELL-KNOWN, HIGHLY RESPECTED AND
VERY CHESTERFIELDIAN RAILROAD MAN.

of *Harper's Weekly*, who disappeared mysteriously a couple of weeks ago. Since his strange trip to Coney Island he has not been heard of by any of his relatives and friends, although the search for him has been vigorously prosecuted.

Conductor P. B. Carey.

Mr. Carey is on the Lehigh Valley Road. He runs Express No 6 from Jersey City to Easton, Pa. In the latter city he and his little family



COL. JOSIAH PORTER,

THE ACCOMPLISHED COMMANDING OFFICER OF
THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

and leads him across the river his companion generally returns rather the worse for wear, while the happy conductor is as sober as a judge.

Col. Josiah Porter.

There is no officer in the National Guard so well liked by his command as Col. Josiah Porter, who is a scholarly and amiable man, a well-known lawyer, and one of the most popular society men in town.



WILLIAM, ALIAS "SHANG," CLARK.

AN ACCOMPLISHED ALL-BOUND CROOK OF
CANADA AND ELSEWHERE.



A FIENDISH FIGHT.

THE EXTRAORDINARY AND REVOLTING EXHIBITION OF MONGOLIAN FEROCITY WHICH RECENTLY
PARALYZED PITTSBURG.



"JOE" HOWARD,

AN ACCOMPLISHED AND VERSATILE PROFESSOR
OF CROOKEDNESS, NOW IN DURANCE VILE.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

The Collaring of a Faithless Husband,
Locking Up a Growler, A Mammoth
Petition and a Storm at Sea.

THE GROWLER FILLED AT CASSIDY'S.

About 7 o'clock the other evening a well-appointed one-horse coupe drove up to the main door of Police Headquarters. The two gentlemen who alighted surprised the bystanders by carefully carrying up the stoop an unmistakable and capacious growler. Moreover, the manner in which it was fondled gave assurance that it was full of beer. One of the gentlemen had a rugged face and a gray beard.

His visit plunged Capt. Garland into deep cogitation, for he abruptly introduced himself as ex-Assemblyman Peter Woods, and announced that the beer had been bought in James Cassidy's saloon, at Thirtieth



The "Super" and Cassidy's growler.

street and Third avenue, where it was sold in violation of the law in such cases made and provided. He also informed Capt. Garland that Cassidy was Police Captain Ryan's son-in-law, that his license had been revoked on a complaint of Sunday liquor-selling made by Mr. Woods, and that charges against the captain growing out of these troubles between Cassidy and Woods were to be tried by the Police Board the following Thursday.

Capt. Garland heard all this with evident reluctance to have any part in the very pretty row in the Twenty-first precinct. But the plan of gracefully shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of Superintendent Walling occurred to him, and his brow cleared. He took the growler from Mr. Woods and put it and its contents carefully away, while that gentleman went back to his carriage, his stern face relaxing into smiling amiability.

Capt. Garland telegraphed the facts of Mr. Woods' new move against the Ryans and Cassidy to Superintendent Walling, and that official decided that Cassidy must be arrested. Before the superintendent had perfected his arrangements for the arrest two of Inspector Murray's detectives happened along by Cassidy's. They got in and found the proprietor himself behind the bar. The last time he pleaded that he was away on his wedding trip, and that it was against his orders that the place was open on Sunday. The detectives arrested him this time and took him to his father-in-law's station-house in East Thirty-fifth street, where he was admitted to bail.

THE TRAIN BEATS THE BOAT.

A message was flashed from New Orleans a few days ago informing Inspector Byrnes that J. M. Clarens had eloped from that city with his servant-girl, with whom he had been acquainted only two weeks.

Last Tuesday week Clarens secretly packed up and arranged with his servant-girl that they should go to New York alone. The next day the pair took passage for this city on the steamer Louisiana. He left a note saying that he had started for France.

The steamer had scarcely left her moorings when Mrs. Clarens learned what really had taken place. Hastily securing a loan on her property, she tele-



Dead to rights.

graphed to the New York police officials and started for New York by rail on Thursday morning.

She arrived here Sunday and called at the Police Central office. Detectives Hay and Mallin, of the Steamboat Squad, were detailed on the case. They learned that the steamer would land in this city at noon. Accompanied by Mrs. Clarens, they went to Pier 9, North river, and waited there for the steamer. At 12 sharp she was sighted. Mrs. Clarens began to stamp her foot as if impatient to get at the guilty pair.

In a little while the Louisiana began to slacken her speed. When she was about fifty yards from the dock Clarens and Miss Kraft appeared on deck.

They laughed and joked, unmindful of the little reception Mrs. Clarens had prepared for them. The unhappy woman again began to stamp her little foot and to grind her teeth.

"Oh, you wretches!" she said, "just wait till I get my hands upon you!"

At last the steamer was made fast to the dock and the passengers began to land. Charles and Miss Kraft skipped merrily over the gang-plank. Just as they stepped upon the dock Mrs. Clarens sprang forward, exclaiming:

"You vile creatures! you thought you fooled me, but I've got a rod in pickie for you!"

The man became speechless and almost fainted. The plucky little woman removed her seal-skin sash, grabbed him by the collar and shook him for some moments. The bystanders roared at the fellow's predicament, but his companion tried to steal away.

The detectives came up and took the whole party to Police Headquarters and afterward to the Tombs Police Court. When they arrived there Mrs. Clarens said to Justice O'Reilly:

"This man, my husband, ran away with our servant-girl, Matilda Kraft. He took all the money we had and left me without a dollar. I want to have him punished. He thought he fooled me when he got on board that steamer; he forgot all about the steamers, I guess; he didn't think I could outrun him. Oh, you cruel fellow!" she then said, addressing her husband, who was terribly humiliated, "how could you have the heart to treat me in this way? I did not deserve it."

Clarens denied that he contemplated elopement. He claimed he was on the way to France and had engaged Miss Kraft as a servant to accompany him.

Miss Kraft, who was trembling like a leaf, said that was the agreement she made with Clarens.

At the suggestion of Justice O'Reilly Clarens, with great unwillingness, gave his wife \$150.

His Honor said he regretted sincerely that he could not hold the man, who he said had committed no offense against the laws of this State.

Mrs. Clarens said she did not care what became of her husband now. All she wanted was her money.

AN ALASKAN INCIDENT.

The storm-tossed, rudderless steamer Alaska was towed up the bay shortly after 6 o'clock on the morning of the 9th by six powerful steam-tugs, the Luther C. Ward leading the way. After a stop at Quarantine sufficiently long to allow the Health Officer to board her and to have her cabin passengers transferred to the Barge Office tender she proceeded up to her dock, where a large crowd had assembled to greet her. From



An Alaskan incident.

all appearances the Alaska did not seem to have had a very rough voyage. Everything about her decks was in ship-shape order. The loss of her rudder was hardly to be noticed, as she floated low in the water. On board the vessel there was nothing to indicate that she had not just completed a quick and successful voyage except the worn, exhausted appearance of her officers and crew, especially Capt. Murray, who had had but little rest during the long voyage.

"Our voyage was the longest and roughest the Alaska has ever had," he said to a reporter, "yet beyond the lost rudder the vessel is not damaged. She behaved nobly during the many storms she encountered. The first four days after leaving Queenstown we encountered ordinary winter weather and made splendid time. On the morning of Jan. 23 the wind freshened, and toward the afternoon had increased to a perfect hurricane. We were tossed and pitched violently by the heavy seas, and the passengers suffered much. It was bitterly cold, and as the huge waves rolled about, occasionally dashing almost as high as the masthead, the water froze wherever it fell. From that day until Sunday, Feb. 1, the storm continued, sometimes increasing in fury, then again moderating a little, but always fierce enough to keep us rolling about and preventing the ship from making more than half her usual speed.

"Three of the crew were thrown down by a big wave, and one of them, Robert Gordon, had his thumb badly injured. The others were not hurt. The passengers remained below all the time, none of them daring to come on deck.

"When we discovered the loss of our rudder the weather was quite moderate. Soon after, a fierce northwest gale sprang up accompanied by a terrific sea, catching us perfectly helpless. We tried many ways to steer, but had nothing on board heavy enough to take the place of the rudder. We were able to keep the vessel head on to the sea for a time, but she soon fell off and settled in the trough of the sea, pitching violently. The passengers were badly frightened and frightfully sick. We calmed their fears as well as we could and continued our efforts to keep the ship steady.

"When on Wednesday last, at about 8 o'clock, we saw the lights of the Lake Winnipeg there was much joy on board, and when she came up and answered our signals our happiness was complete. Next morning we took her in tow, and beyond two stops on account of bad weather and one to repair the broken starboard cable, all went well. After the cable broke

on Friday night the weather moderated and we steamed ahead alone, our fore and aft canvas keeping us in our course. We sailed over 100 miles in this manner, when the weather became severe again and we were compelled to stop and connect with the Lake Winnipeg. We were then nearing the end of our journey. I guess everybody who was on board will remember that voyage. I'm sure it will always live in my memory."

The passengers of the Alaska looked haggard and weary, and were delighted to reach earth again. All speak in the highest terms of the coolness and bravery displayed by Capt. Murray and his officers and crew. The Alaska was to have sailed from here on her return trip to-day, but will be detained several days for repairs. Whether she will have to be dry-docked has not yet been determined. The salvage to be paid to the Lake Winnipeg will be large and will be settled by arbitration.

A MONSTER PETITION.

Alderman Hall presented to the Common Council, the other day, a petition twenty-four feet long, signed by 3,000 persons, requesting that a new ferry franchise should be granted to John H. Starin. Inasmuch as a



Twenty-four feet of petition.

petition almost as long and signed by the same people last year requested the aldermen not to give Mr. Starin the franchise, it is not likely that much attention will be paid to the monstrous document. It is a curious fact that twice a year, regularly, so many of the entire population of Staten Island as can read and write sign alternative petitions recommending and denouncing the same set of ferry-masters.

A HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE.

Slaying the Destroyer of His Home—"Now See Me Kill Him."

[Subject of Illustration.]

A tragic murder occurred at Coleman, Texas, Feb. 9, at the ranch of A. J. Nathans, ten miles north of Coleman. At about dark a stranger rode up and, without dismounting, approached the door and asked a woman to tell Dudley Henderson to come out, as he wanted to see him. As Henderson appeared in the yard the stranger covered him with his revolver and said to several bystanders: "Now see me kill him." Before any one could move he sent a bullet through Henderson's heart. After Henderson had fallen the stranger fired four more bullets into his body, any one of which would have proved fatal. Bidding Mr. Nathans good evening, the stranger rode away. Henderson was a handsome young fellow, who, it is now learned, had sought this secluded spot to hide away from an infuriated and wronged husband, who is a wealthy stockman residing some fifty miles from Coleman. This man's wife and Henderson had been schoolmates in Georgia, and when she married the Texan Henderson followed her to this State about a year ago. By an accident the husband discovered the wife's unfaithfulness. He sent her back to Georgia and began a search for Henderson, which ended as above stated. Henderson and the unfaithful wife belonged to highly respectable families. The sheriff is in pursuit of the murderer.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

The vast crowd of strangers attracted to the great World's Exposition of Industry at New Orleans, looked with delight at the fairness which marked the 17th Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, on Jan. 13 inst. It resulted that ticket No. 15,985 drew the first capital prize of \$75,000, and was held by Mr. Thomas M. Thornton, a prominent banker of Shelbyville, Ill., who collected it through the Third National Bank, of St. Louis, Mo.; No. 57,741 drew the second prize of \$25,000, and it was sold in fifths (each at \$1,000), one to H. E. Browne, of Fairmount, Ind., who collected it through the Fairmount Bank; one to Daniel Shutt, of Chicago, Ill., who collected it in person; another to Lee Sampson, Sigourney, Iowa; and the remaining portions were scattered elsewhere. No. 5,153 drew the third prize of \$10,000, sold also in fifths: two-fifths collected through Exchange Bank of Dallas, Texas, for Mr. A. E. Hall, salesman for Sanger Bros., Dallas, and Mr. Fred. Cheadle, also of Dallas; one to O. J. Ferris, of Cincinnati, Ohio; another to Louis H. Kelchan, of Messrs. Stix, Krouse & Co., also of Cincinnati; and so it went with \$265,500 worth of fortune flying in all directions.

DESPERATE STRUGGLES WITH A MANIAC.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the night of Feb. 6 the jail at Philippi, W. Va., was found to be on fire. In the building, chained to the wall, was a lunatic. He had managed to get the straw from his bed and set it on fire. When discovered he was dancing with wild glee, although the flames were dangerously near him. Major Brown and Charles Horner, after a desperate struggle, managed to free the lunatic. As soon as he was outside the building he seized his chain and struck Brown on the head, fracturing his skull. He then started on a run for the river. Just as he was jumping in, Deputy Sheriff Robinson and several others caught him, and, after a struggle, got him back to the jail. On the way the maniac stabbed Robinson in the leg, and bit Dr. Harvey's finger nearly off.

TEXAS' WOMAN DESPERADO.

A Dead Shot With a Revolver and Very Fond of a Fight.

Maud Raynor, the woman desperado, is in jail in Abilene, Tex., for assault. She is wanted in a dozen places, and had several complaints against her before the one on which she is now held was lodged. She lived there quietly until a woman who was jealous of her revealed her identity to the police. As soon as she found that she was an object of suspicion she attacked her enemy with a club, and almost beat her brains out. Maud Raynor has been a notorious character in Texas, Indian Territory and Kansas for several years. She gained the title of woman desperado by reason of her recklessness of human life and her fondness for fights. She goes armed to the teeth, shoots with unerring aim, and is quite as much at home with a bowie-knife or club as with a revolver. She has managed to escape arrest hitherto by reason of the fact that all manner of stories concerning her have been in circulation, and her actual appearance is very different from the idea which the people generally have formed of her. She is of compact frame and about medium height, with a graceful carriage. Her features are small, her eyes steel-gray, and her hair long and abundant. In jail she was raving because her keepers had taken away her pistols and knives.

"I suppose I'll never see them again," she said. "When you get into one of these calabashes they always help themselves to what you've got, and whether you're sent up or not they keep all that they steal. I'll bet I've furnished half the sheriffs in Texas and Kansas with good weapons in the last five years. They don't get money enough together at one time to buy such things, but they know just enough to pinch them when they get a chance. I played it on a detective up here in the Pan-handle once. He had been following me for about a month, and finally, when he got me, he took two guns and three knives away from me. I saw his eyes bug out as he looked at them, and I says to him:

"You'll be well heeled now, won't you?" "He pretended that he didn't care anything about the weapons, and showed me some of his old fire-cracker pistols, and wanted me to admire them. I told him one of my guns was worth a bagful of his, and after getting him a little excited I grabbed one of my weapons to show it to him. I pointed out several of the good points, and then turning it on him I said:

"I want to see your heels right lively now." "He thought I was fooling for a second, but when the pistol clicked he knew it was business. Then he backed off, and wanted to trade with me. I had his guns and mine, too, but I told him I wasn't trading. Just to hurry him up a little I sent a bullet mighty close to his ear, and a moment later as he was edging off I put another one near enough to his other ear to singe his hair. Such running you never saw. I watched him out of sight. Then I took his guns and threw them in the river. I wouldn't have been found dead with them on me."

Maud Raynor went through Indian Territory once with about a regiment of Indians and white men on her trail. She had been up on a ranch on the Arkansas river, where a great many desperate characters were congregated, and in a shooting affray in which she took a prominent part the bartender was killed. Every man swore that the woman was the guilty party, and she recklessly admitted it, though it is probable that she was not the real offender. Some friends of the murdered man came along just then and organized to lynch her. Getting wind of the programme, she stole a horse and set out for Kansas, the men following. Several Indians joined the pursuing party at various places, until finally there were about one hundred men on their trail. She managed to elude them for several days, and coming finally upon a band of chivalrous cowboys, she made them believe she was a persecuted innocent. Her new found friends promptly agreed to defend her against all comers, and when her pursuers came in sight they were met by a volley which brought them to a stand. In the course of three or four days they concluded to abandon the search.

The exploit of which she is proudest occurred a year or more ago in Indian Territory. She had been up in Kansas on the war-path, and making her way back to Texas had fallen in with a rough crowd of playmen. One of these was a man named Dutton, whom she had known many years before. In the course of an evening passed at a ranch on the cattle trail she had a quarrel with this fellow, and after some harsh words he rushed at her with a knife. She was too quick for him. He had hardly got within striking distance before she put a bullet through his heart. As he jumped in the air and fell back dead his comrades made a rush at the woman, and would have finished her then and there if one of the men had not taken her part in a mild sort of way. As they stopped to parley she made this proposition:

"I'll fight the whole pack of you, one at a time. I killed that man, and I'm glad of it. I ought to have done it years ago."

One man went out with her, and the two stepped off twenty paces, turned and fired. The man got a bullet in his shoulder, and wanted to quit. The woman was unhurt. Standing there resolutely she called on the others for a victim. But no one stirred. Then she taunted them, and finally, when she found they were not disposed to annoy her further, she said:

"Now I am going to Texas, and I want an escort. How many of you are going with me?"

They all agreed to go but two, and to those two she addressed herself, saying:

"You're just the ones that I want to go with me, and you've got to go, too."

The others rather enjoyed the sport. She never took her pistols off them for a minute. They got her horse out of the corral, mounted their own, and at her command rode on in front of her. When she had driven them ten or fifteen miles, she made them turn back, while she rode on toward the south.

Unless the woman is convicted for the assault committed by her the other day, it is not believed that she will be punished for any of her other offenses.

THE PROSPECT BALL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The splendors of the Prospect Ball, given recently at the Academy of Music, are fitly and graphically depicted on our last page. The Prospect Ball usually winds up the masquerade season, and this year, by general consent, it was gayer and more sumptuous than it ever was before.

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal-card.

A FIENDISH FIGHT.

The Horrible Variety of Combat Introduced by Chinamen to a Pittsburgh Audience.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An event unprecedented in the annals of American sport occurred recently in one of the roomiest Chinese laundries of Pittsburgh. It was a prize fight of the most singular character between Ah Moy Loy, recently of Canton, China, and Wan Lee, of Pekin, for \$100 a side and the championship of the Six Companies in the United States.

The principals are trained athletes and professional leaders of rival factions of the "Highlanders," the secret Chinese association which visits summary vengeance upon any coolie in this country mad enough to violate any of the cast-iron regulations made by the Celestial monopolists for the control of the various enterprises which they conduct here with the labor of their imported bondsmen.

The fight was under the rules of the old Pekin prize ring, which are brief and to the point. As translated to the writer they are as follows:

RULE 1—The fighters must strip naked with the exception of a breech cloth.

RULE 2—No fighter shall grease his body.

RULE 3—It shall be unfair for a fighter to use more than one hand in delivering the blow of his queue, and so each shall have a hand securely tied, the choice of hands to be determined by chance.

RULE 4—No fighter shall have more than a double strand of knotted wire woven into his queue, and the spur upon the foot to be selected by chance shall in no case be more than one inch in length.

RULE 5—The duration of each round shall be determined by the nature of the blows delivered. A stroke of the queue drawing blood from above the eye, or which shall slit an ear, shall close a round. Nose slashes not to count.

RULE 6—A fighter who uses his spur, except after a fall, when both are on the ground, shall be guilty of a foul, and deemed a fair loser of the battle.

RULE 7—Each battle shall consist of as many rounds as shall be determined by the principals when the money to be fought for is deposited.

RULE 8—The seconds, umpires and referee shall be chosen on the night of the battle, each principal to have his own seconds and umpire, and the umpires to select a referee.

About 10 o'clock a fat and rosy Chinaman climbed upon the platform and announced that the gladiators were about ready to begin work. A moment after the Canton favorite, Ah Moy Loy, forced a passage through the crowd and took a place near the master of ceremonies. He chattered something in Chinese, and three of his countrymen sprang to his side on the stage. They were his umpire and seconds. They pointed proudly to the muscles, which stood out all over him like whip-cords, and the crowd cheered lustily. He was at once made the favorite at \$1.50 to 80 cents.

While the cheers from the Canton contingent were yet ringing in among the banks in the rear of the basement, Wan Lee was observed through the smoke to be making his way to the battle-ground. He was a model physically, and when he bounded upon the platform, closely followed by his attendants and umpire, there was an immediate change in popular sentiment, the betting at once veering around to 57 cents against an even half-dollar in his favor.

The master of ceremonies announced that the fight would consist of four rounds, if either of the combatants was not sooner knocked out. He tossed a penny then for choice of hands and feet. Ah Moy Loy won the first toss and elected to use his right hand, Lee being obliged to depend on his left, but he more than made up for this disadvantage, according to the experts, by his victory in the matter of spurs which chance decided he should have bound on his right large toe, Loy being compelled to use his left foot.

Under the revised rules the master of ceremonies announced that the spurs could not be used above the collar-bone, and, after agreeing to act as referee, he notified the champions that it was time to begin.

It was then half-past ten, and the silence that at once ensued upon this announcement was thick enough to make a ceiling for a thatched cottage.

Ah Moy Loy had his back toward Wylie avenue, while Wan Lee took up a position abutting upon Hardacre. Both bent their bodies until they were in a crouching position, and then they began moving toward each other with the sinewy, sliding steps of human panthers.

Both incessantly twirled their barbed pistols, and the swish of the cruel wire as it cut through the air made the blood of the white men run cold.

They circled around each other for many minutes before either got within striking distance of the other. Then suddenly Lee bounded toward Loy and spun his queue about his enemy's head, turning his back upon him as he delivered the blow. At the same instant there was a howl of rage and pain from Loy, and close observers noticed that a piece from the left side of his nose spun up against the ceiling as Lee's queue whirled away from his face, but the latter, though he never winced, did not get away without receiving a counter slash that peeled the skin from his forehead across its entire breadth just over the eyes, as neatly as it could have been done by an apple-parer. The referee decided that that blow ended the first round, and the fighters were at once seized by their seconds, who busied themselves in covering the wounds with a peculiar yellow plaster, said to have great curative qualities.

There was a rest of ten minutes, and in the discussion which covered the interval the knowing old Celestial sports agreed that the fight had not up to that time developed any particular superiority in either champion. It was conceded that Lee swung a very wicked pistol, but Loy was said to be a very bad man with the spurs in a clinch.

When time was called for the second round the men approached each other with infinite caution. The taste that each had been given of the other's mettle was productive of a mutual respect that left no room for monkey business. Within the first minute Lee made two savage drives at Loy's head, but the latter dodged like lightning, receiving the strokes on his back, from which the skin was abraded by each blow, the blood following the queue in streams. Loy countered viciously on Lee's legs, giving him a pair of fashionable stockings, the cardinal stripes of which were made in blood.

The spectators were silent as death almost, and the heavy breathing of the athletes as the wire-shod queues swished the flesh from their bodies, and the blood spurted from their wounds, could be heard all over the room. They rested briefly, and then warily began again to approach each other. In the center of the platform they came within striking distance, when, like a flash, Loy sprang at Lee. The queue of the latter swirled around his neck, the blood following it with a gush, but Loy was not to be dealt, and, closing, the men wrestled savagely for a moment, and then fell side by side on the platform. In the fall Lee had locked his right leg around the left limb of Loy, and so for a moment neither could use the spur. As they writhed and twisted, the blood from their freshly-made wounds was smeared over the stage and over their bodies, until both looked as if some one had been painting them red. In one of the contortions Lee's lock was broken, and on the instant Loy began to ply his spur with the utmost vigor. Quicker than one could count he had driven it into Lee in a dozen places, making one particularly bad wound in the region of the groin. Lee took his punishment like a Stoic, meanwhile pegging away merrily on his own account, and succeeded in punching nearly as many holes in Loy as the latter had made in him. Suddenly there was a cry from the madly fighting heap, and all the seconds, the umpires and the referee pounced on the pair and dragged them apart. Lee had broken his spur against the shin-bone of Loy, and it was necessary to call the round a draw, and retire Lee until his armament could be replaced.

While Lee was being shod with a fresh spur the interval was embraced by the master of ceremonies to have the blood-stained platform washed off, but some of the pools left marks that were proof against soap and water. It was the general opinion of the crowd that Loy had been overmatched, as Lee seemed able to outfight him at all points. He was undoubtedly his superior in the use of the queue, and Loy's body gave numerous proofs that he was no slouch with the spur. Indeed, Loy was almost as perfectly performed as a porcupine, and when each of his wounds had been covered with a piece of yellow medicine paper the effect was decidedly picturesque, not to say thrilling, when taken in connection with the circular band around his throat and the oblong patch along his nose.

When Lee's umpire brought him back his bright new spur shone forth wickedly from his right large toe, and he was as active as a kitten. He wanted to bet Loy that he would finish him in the next round, but that sat Celestial intimated that he was not betting anything just then. The fat master of ceremonies called time, and the fighters rose in their corners for the third round.

They rose, it has been said, but it was evident that Loy would have preferred to have extended his rest indefinitely. Lee, on the other hand, capered about like a dancing-master, but there was mischief in his eyes. Loy watched him sullenly, confining his attention to movements that would keep him out of the way. But Lee had come there for business, and he was not disposed to put up with any foolishness. He danced up to Loy, taking a spiteful slap along the jaw as he approached quite as a matter of course, and responded to it by a regular tattoo on Loy's head, face, breast and neck. He had shortened his queue to half-arm fighting measure, and he worked it with the regularity of a clock motion and with the most telling effect. He was just flaying Loy alive, and getting off in the easiest kind of a way, as his antagonist seemed to be dazed beyond his power to defend himself. Finally, with one sweeping slash Lee stripped the skin from Loy's temple across toward his poll, taking in the ear, and splitting it as neatly as it could have been done with a lancet. That let Loy out. He threw up both hands, turned his back upon Lee and took a header through the ropes into the midst of the audience, where he lay for a moment bleeding and bellowing for mercy. A few of his friends picked him up and tossed him into a vacant bunk, and Lee was formally declared the winner of the fight, the championship and the purse of \$100.

AN EXCITING DEER-HUNT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most exciting of modern deer-hunts took place at Stony Creek, Conn., Saturday, Jan. 21. A wild deer had been seen in that vicinity for more than a month and several attempts had been made to capture him, but this time, after a light fall of snow, a party of hunters started for him, Alfred Grannis, Will Kelsey and Ernest Bartholomew. They started him about two miles north of Stony Creek. They put the bounds on his track and he led off for the seashore. The hunters were then joined by others in the chase. The deer plunged into the sea off Point Pleasant and swam to Rogers Island, nearly a mile from shore. The first three hunters then got a boat, joined by one other, and started in pursuit. When they arrived at the island the hounds drove the deer into the sea again, the hunters giving chase in the boat. The deer swam more than a mile. Near Crib Island, where they overtook him, Kelsey got him by the tail and held on until the others got a rope around his neck, thinking they could bring him in alive, but he fought so hard he nearly swamped the boat. They finally shot him and brought him ashore. He proved to be a large buck and in good condition.

CRIMPING HER HAIR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The front page of the POLICE GAZETTE this week illustrates a scene which came under the observation of our special artist last week. A young lady who wasn't in time to get her hair crimped by a regular professional, appealed to her beau or husband, whoever the mysterious "get" in the premises might have been, to help her out of her predicament with a hot smoothing-iron.

CHARLES ENGELBRECHT.

[With Portrait.]

The portrait we publish this week of Capt. Charles Engelbrecht is a very good one. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, and was formerly fencing-master of the Danish Royal Guard. An account of his match with Marc San Antonius is given elsewhere.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

WELL PLEASED.

Dr. C. ROBERTS, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal-card.

HIS STRONGER HALF.

Druggist Behrens, of Hoboken, Is Alleged to Have Been Flung Out of the Window by His Wife.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Help! help!" shouted a voice about 10 o'clock the other night from the gardens of River Terrace, Hoboken.

Private Watchman Michael Darcy heard the cry and ran across River street. The shouts were repeated and appeared to come from the handsome lawn attached to house No. 122. The watchman jumped over the fence and ran in the direction the sounds came from. He heard groans of agony, and guided by them discovered John F. Behrens, the owner of the house, lying on the ground unable to move. He was partially lying on the flower bed and his legs hung over the low fence that guarded them. Blood was oozing from his ears and from a great gash in his head.

The watchman bent over the man to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and while so doing Mr. Behrens' wife, holding a lighted kerosene lamp in her hand, appeared for a moment on the balcony and peered down in the darkness, looking in the direction of her husband. She appeared to be greatly excited. When she saw a stranger she uttered an exclamation and hastened back in the house.

After Darcy had raised the now unconscious man from his painful position and laid him on the sidewalk he rapped for assistance.

Roundsman Jacobus and Policeman Granelli responded immediately and jumped over the fence. The watchman and policeman carefully lifted Mr. Behrens in their arms and carried him to the piazza, while the roundsman rang the bell. Not a light was visible in the house and no answer was made to the call. He clambered on the balcony, forced open one of the shutters of the parlor windows and entered. He groped about in the dark and found the door opening into the hall, and discovered a lamp burning dimly. Near the vestibule door the roundsman saw Mrs. Behrens standing. He turned up the lamp and lighted the gas.

Mrs. Behrens, with flushed face and eyes twitching nervously, stood gazing at him in silence.

The officer gazed with undisguised admiration at the beautiful woman. Her long, brown hair fell loosely down her back below her waist in heavy tresses, her face was animated with the excitement and her brown eyes flashed. She was robed in a long maroon wrapper. The roundsman requested Mrs. Behrens to unlock the hall door. She refused, saying: "That man can never enter here again—he is my husband no longer."

"But he is dying, madam."

"Is he? Well, I am very glad," was the composed answer.

The roundsman attempted to pass her and open the door. She sprang at him like a tigress:

"Don't dare touch that door!" she almost screamed. He tried again when Mrs. Behrens seized him and with the strength of a maniac forced the officer back from the door. It was a severe struggle Jacobus had before he succeeded in forcing the enraged woman away from him.

When she saw him open the door she staggered into the parlor. He ordered the injured husband to be taken in the parlor and placed on a sofa. While he suffered the excruciating agony his moans denoted the wife paced the floor excitedly, wishing him dead and accusing him of being unfaithful to her.

THE GALLEYS.

How Prisoners Were Formerly Tortured in the French Gallies.

Barras de la Peuve, who served forty years as an officer in a galley, thus writes in 1713 of them:

"Those who enter a galley for the first time are surprised to see so many souls on board. There are, in fact, in Europe an infinity of villages which do not contain so many inhabitants. But that which causes still more astonishment is to find so many men in so small a space. It is true that the greater part have not the liberty to lie down at full length. Seven men are put on each bench; that is, in a space of about four feet wide by ten in length. At the prow are to be seen even thirty sailors, who have no other lodging-place than the *plata de ramadas*, which are two spaces of two feet in length by eighteen wide. From stern to prow one can see nothing but heads. The captain and officers are hardly any better lodged; their only refuge is the poop, which, considering its size, one is tempted to compare with the tub of Diogenes. When the pitiless wind from Libya, sweeping across the Roman beaches, surprised the galleys on the sea; when the impetuous Aquilon assailed them, or the Gulf of Lyons delivered them to the humid wind of Syria, the galleys must have been an image of hell itself. The mournful lamentations and frightful cries of the crew, the horrible howlings of the chain-gang, the groaning of the vessel's frame, mingled with the noise of chains and the roaring of the tempest, must have produced a sentiment of terror in the most intrepid heart. Rain, hail, lightning, the habitual accompaniments of these violent storms, the waves washing over the decks, added to the horror of the situation. Although people are not generally very devout in the galleys, some would then be seen praying to God, while others were offering vows to all the saints. Some even, in spite of the rocking of the vessel, would try to make pilgrimages on board! Much better would it have been for them not to forget God and his saints as soon as the danger was past.

"Calm weather itself has its inconveniences. Bad smells are then so offensive that they cannot be escaped from, in spite of the snuff with which you are obliged to fill your nose from morning to night. There are always on a galley certain little pests which are the torment of the inhabitants. Flies exercise their empire by day, bugs by night, fleas and lice day and night. Whatever precautions may be taken, one cannot succeed in getting free from these annoyances. The frightful vermin do not respect even cardinals, ambassadors or crown heads."

With respect to the size of the galleys, the largest of those in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had a length of about forty-seven to fifty-five meters, by not quite six meters in width. They were of very light draught, and consequently shallow; were moved by fifty oars of twelve meters in length, and carried a crew in all of about four hundred men in that circumscribed space.

Here is the testimony of Jean Marseille de Bergerac, who, in 1701, was condemned to serve in the French galleys for the crime of being a Protestant, and therefore speaks from a bitter experience of many years:

"All the convicts are chained to benches, six to each. These are four feet from each other, and are covered

with a sack stuffed with wool, over which is thrown a sheepskin that descends to the foot-rest. The comite, that is, the master of the chain-gang, stands at the stern, near the captain, to receive his orders. There are two *sous-comites*—one in the middle, the other at the prow. Each is armed with a whip, which is applied to the naked bodies of the slaves. When the captain gives orders to weigh, the comite gives the signal with a silver whistle that hangs from his neck. This signal is repeated by the *sous-comites*, and immediately the slaves beat the water with their oars together; you would say that the fifty oars were but one. Imagine six men chained to a bench, naked as when they were born, one foot on the rest, the other on the bench in front, holding in their hands an ear of enormous weight, stretching their bodies toward the stern of the galley, their arms extended so as to push their oars above the backs of the rowers before them, who themselves take the same attitude. The oar being thus advanced they raise the end they hold so as to plunge the other in the sea; this done, they throw themselves back and fall on their seat, which bends beneath their weight. The galley slave thus rows sometimes ten, twelve, and even twenty hours in succession without a single stop. On such occasions the comite would thrust a piece of bread soaked in wine into the mouths of the poor oarsmen to prevent their fainting. Then the captain would command the comite to redouble his blows. If one of the poor wretches fell exhausted over his oar, which frequently happened, he was flogged until he was supposed to be dead, and then cast into the sea without ceremony."

THE FATAL PUNCH-BOWL.

It Is To Be Tabooed in Washington Society Hereafter.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The topic of the hour is a scene which occurred at a German given at the house of a charming lady, the wife of a prominent patent attorney in New York. She has a beautiful winter residence in Washington and entertains very handsomely. The German which she gave one night recently was one of the most beautiful of the season. To it were invited some of the best and most prominent people of the town. Everything passed off in the most charming and agreeable fashion until about 11 o'clock. There then arrived a prominent official and his wife. This official's wife was in a state of hilarious excitement, having previously attended a punch-bowl reception in another part of the city. She was in that state of mind which is known as perfectly happy. Her every second word was a giggle and every third was followed by a scream of rapturous delight. She made such a perfectly infernal racket that she nearly paralyzed the company. A few moments after her arrival her husband deserted her, left the house and went home. A good-natured Treasury official who has known the family for some years kindly took charge of the hilarious dame and shunted her off into the dining-room where she fell heavily, making such a crash as only a very heavy body can. She was rescued finally by two stalwart waiters who took her up in the corner. Then nothing would pacify her but champagne. She got it too. The lady-like hostess was extremely mortified, but she was assured by her other guests that she had no real reason to be. The hilarious wife of the distinguished official was well known for her peculiarities. Every one understood her and knew that she herself was alone to blame. The good-natured Treasury official, who is something of a diplomat in his way, finally succeeded in getting the hilarious dame out of the house and then carried her home. The scene, however, has been the occasion of as much talk as the recent scandalous outbreak at Castle Stewart. A number of the best people have come to the conclusion that the Washington punch-bowl must go.

THE WEEK IN THE SPORTING WORLD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we print, among other things, the greatest sensation in London at the present time, the Blondin horse. Nearly every horse-trainer of note has expended much time and patience in endeavoring to educate a horse even to walk a rope of enormous width a foot or two from the ground, and much has been said in praise of the perseverance of those who have succeeded in attaining this feat. But Signor Corradini is the first who has had the skill to train a horse to walk up a steep flight of stairs and across a real rope only nine inches thick at the tremendous elevation of twenty feet. A net of sufficient strength is placed beneath the performers in case of accident, but so perfect is the training of this wonderfully sagacious creature, that when he has the misfortune to miss his footing and fall into the net spread for his reception, he walks out of it like any trained acrobat, and quietly remounting the stairs, goes through his performance as if nothing extraordinary had happened. The animal is nearly thoroughbred, and is of mixed English and German blood.

Signor Corradini, after carefully examining a great number of unbroken horses, selected him from among them, judging by the signs only known to the best connoisseurs of horseflesh that he would prove to be what he undoubtedly is—the most extraordinary example ever brought before the public of the capacity of horses to receive instruction from man. The horse was crained to excess, and the immense audience spell-bound the other evening when the horse made his first ascent in public, and the most perfect silence reigned until Signor Corradini reached terra firma with the beautiful creature and led him into the arena, where he bowed low to the audience, with his trainer, to receive the thunders of applause which greeted them.

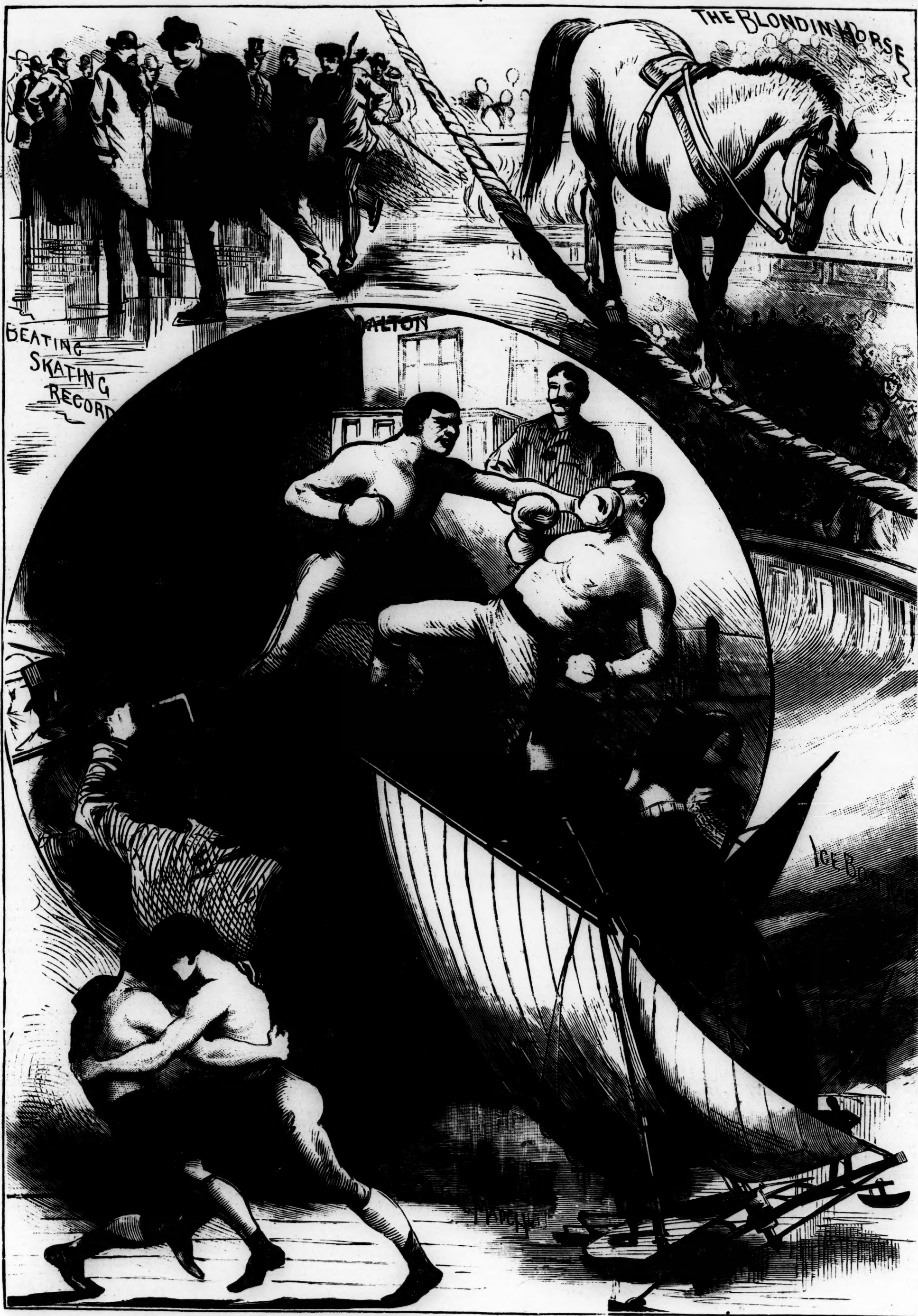
On the same page are illustrated the winning of the iceboat race at Keyport by the *Scud*; the knocking out of Dalton by Burke, at Chicago, on Feb. 2; Whelpley, of St. John, N. B., beating the skating record for 5 miles on the Hudson, at Newburgh, and other like interesting subjects.

CHARLES A. CARASWELL.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish an excellent portrait of Charles A. Caraswell, the champion pedestrian of Utah. His last and best record was with Swift, of Salt Lake City, at the Salt Lake City Rink, last winter, where he made twenty-five miles in 4 hours and 15 minutes.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.



THE SPORTING WORLD.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE DURING THE WEEK IN THE LINE OF HONEST, WHOLESOME AND ATHLETIC SPORT.



THE WASHINGTON PUNCH-BOWL.

ITS BALEFUL EFFECT ON THE WIFE OF A HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC FUNCTIONARY.



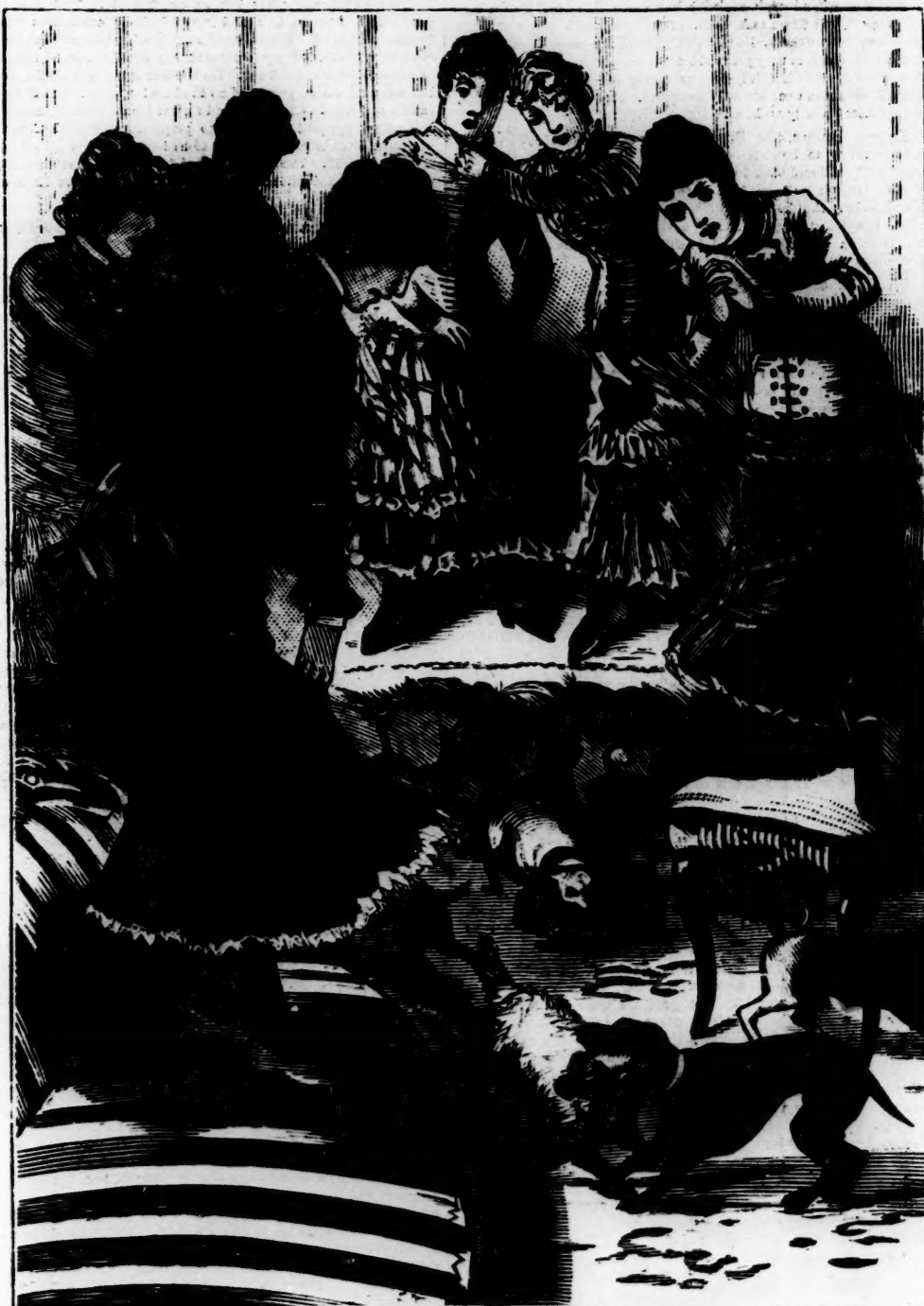
"MAKING THE BEGGARS DANCE."

HOW THE TABLES WERE TURNED BY A COUPLE OF MOUNTAINERS IN A PAIR OF BOSTON DUDES.



A HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE.

DUDLEY HENDERSON FALLS IN COLEMAN, TEXAS, AT THE HANDS OF THE MAN WHOSE HOME HE DISHONORED.



A DARLING DOG-FIGHT.

THE IMPROMPTU ENTERTAINMENT GOT UP FOR SOME BELLES OF NEW HAVEN BY THEIR CANINE PEERS.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

The Promise and Performance of a
Bustling Week in the Arena.

Bilson Jack and Jack King are to fight with hard gloves to a finish in Pittsburgh, on Feb. 21, for \$1,000.

It is reported that Jim Fell and John Cash are to fight with hard gloves to a finish in Montreal, shortly, for a purse of \$500.

Harry Downey and Young Dutchy are matched to fight for \$500 a side with hard gloves, to a finish, the latter part of February, at San Francisco.

William Nugent and John Kiley, of this city, have signed articles tonight with bare knuckles to a finish, Queensberry rules, near New York city, shortly, for \$500 a side.

Charles E. Davies, of Chicago, is arranging a boxing match between Johnny Ellis, who recently knocked out Tommy Chandler, and Jack Dempsey, the light-weight champion.

Jim Fell defeated John Fay, of Rockwell, Conn., at Athletic Hall recently in three rounds, knocking him out twice. Fay was sent on from Connecticut to be trained to fight Sullivan.

Advices from Cleveland, Ohio, state that Mervine Thompson, the Thunderbolt, is in fighting trim again. He is anxious to meet any of the heavy weights of the country, barring none.

On Feb. 9 the Board of Aldermen, of Taunton, Mass., at a special meeting, refused to grant a license for the sparring exhibition between Sullivan and Greenfield announced for Feb. 12.

Arrangements have been completed for the glove contest between Madam Annie Lewis, of Cleveland, and Mattie Stewart, of Norfolk, Va., who are to box for \$500 and the female championship on the New Orleans baseball grounds on Feb. 22.

Sporting men at Pittsburgh have made arrangements for a glove fight between Jack King and Bilson Jack, the well-known pugilist of the Smoky City. The pugilists are to fight within 100 miles of Pittsburgh on Feb. 21, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$1,000 a side, with small gloves.

On Monday evening, Feb. 23, Joe Denning and Jack Cooper are to box six rounds at Clarendon Hall, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts. Denning recently defeated Prof. Neubaum and Bryan McKenna, and his friends are confident he will defeat Cooper, the Dublin Boy.

Tom Walling, who now looks after the boxers for the Police Gazette in San Francisco, has made himself very popular. In nearly every glove contest or boxing exhibition, Walling is either a second, time-keeper or referee. He no doubt has come to the conclusion that it is pleasant to arrange and look at a fight once in a while.

Jack Guyon and Jim Malley contested for a purse near Chisney Cross, London, Eng., on Jan. 22. Guyon is twenty-one years of age, stands 5 feet 3 inches in height and weighed 124 pounds. Malley is 5 feet 2 inches in height, twenty-two years of age, and weighed 122 pounds. In a hour and 7 minutes seventeen rounds were contested, when, neither being able to win, the battle was decided a draw.

Advices from London state that Peter Cash, alias "Yorky," who was to fight Jack Pearson, alias "Rough 'Un," of Northampton, Eng., for £100, was arrested at Rothwell and bound over to his own recognizance of £100 on another sureties to the amount of £200 to keep the peace for six months. The arrest caused great excitement in pugilistic circles, as much money depended on the match.

After the Brady and Whistler glove contest at San Francisco, the conqueror and the conquered met at Tom Nolan's sporting drum and both shook hands. Whistler appeared chagrined over his defeat, and offered to fight Brady the day following for \$500. Brady's right hand was the size of a boxing-glove, and he informed Whistler that if he had not injured his hand he would accommodate him.

A determined prize fight between Samuel Rodman, of Hulwell, and Thomas Brown, of Hixton, took place at Gilling, near Nottingham, Eng., on Jan. 23, before about thirty spectators. Rodman is fifty years old and an experienced pugilist, but his opponent, who is thirty-one, made his debut. In twenty-eight rounds both men were severely punished. Rodman won the fight, which lasted nearly an hour.

James Burns, the Strong Boy, of Rochester, N. Y., who is ready to box all comers, called at the Police Gazette office on Feb. 9 and stated that he was never matched to box Jim Fell at Athletic Hall on Feb. 2—that his name was used without his sanction; that he never refused to box Jim Fell and that he is ready to do so at any time. Burns states that he can step Fell at any time in four rounds, and is willing to bet any amount from \$100 upward that he can do so.

On Feb. 7, Jack Devlin, of Paterson, N. J., and George Elliott, of Menanayuk, Pa., fought a bloody battle of nine rounds at Pavana Station, N. J., for \$50 a side. It was a regular give-and-take fight, with frequent knock-downs on both sides until the seventh round, when Devlin sprained his wrist and had two of his teeth knocked down his throat. When time was called for the ninth round Devlin was lying unconscious on the ground and could not answer the call to time. He was terribly beaten and was carried off by friends in a carriage.

Jack Dempsey, the light-weight champion pugilist, has decided to hold a grand boxing tournament for amateurs who do not exceed in weight over 124 pounds. The tournament will commence at Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirtieth street, on Thursday, Feb. 19. Among the boxers now entered are Edward Butler, of New York; Jimmy Nelson, of Brooklyn; John McAniff, of Williamsburgh, and El. Thomas, of Birmingham Eng., and Albo Miller, of England. The conditions will be Queensberry rules. The entries will close at Athletic Hall on Monday, Feb. 18.

Jim McHugh called at the "Police Gazette" office on Feb. 9 and said that he was ready to box Mike Mallen, of Philadelphia, four or six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts. Or McHugh will put up the medal he won in the boxing tournament in this city against the medal Mallen won in the boxing tournament at Prof. John Clark's competition at Philadelphia. If those terms suit, Mallen can arrange a match by forwarding a reply to the Police Gazette office.

The following dispatch was received at the "Police Gazette" office on Feb. 9 from Toronto, Canada: "Articles of agreement have been signed here for the glove contest between J. H. Scholes, the champion of the Dominion, and Charley Mitchell, the champion of England. The pugilists are to box four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, at the Ad-Laido Skating Rink, Toronto, on Feb. 23. The rink will hold over 2,000 spectators. The contest will be under the auspices of the Toronto Fencing Club. Richard K. Fox has agreed to allow Wm. E. Harding to act as referee."

A desperate prize fight was decided in a room at Pavia, Ill., on Feb. 6, between Ira A. Dudley and Haman Plague, the famous German still. The pugilists were matched about four weeks ago to fight with hard gloves to a finish, Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$300. Patsy Carlin, the Peoria champion, was referee. Round after round was fought until time was called for the ninety-sixth. After the ninetieth round it was evident that Plague could not win, as he was very weak. His friends attempted to force him into the ring, but were stopped by the referee and seconds. Dudley, however, lost the fight by committing a foul, striking Plague two heavy blows on his knees. The fight lasted 2 hours and 7 minutes.

On Feb. 6 a large delegation of sporting men journeyed to a sporting resort in Brooklyn, E. D., to witness a glove contest to a finish between Paddy Fleming and Jack McMahon, Brooklyn pugilists, who were to fight for a purse. Both men on the ground were ready to begin, when it was found that there were no boxing-gloves. The crowd waited till 12:30, and then began to talk quite a demonstration, having paid \$5 each to witness the fight. The crowd and the police attracted the attention of a roundman and patrolman. They went off to the Fifth precinct station, and Sergeant Reardon, Roundman German and twenty-five patrolmen turned out and surrounded the building. Twelve policemen went directly up stairs to the hall, which they found empty. The crowd had all run down stairs to the bar-room. In the bar-room the police found the boxers in ring costume and arrested them.

They were discharged at the station-house. The police were ordered to disperse the crowd at the hotel, and drove away all but a few men who said they lodged there.

Alf. Greenfield telegraphed on Feb. 7 from Taunton, Mass., that his representative would meet Arthur Chambers at the Police Gazette office on Feb. 9 at 2 P. M. to arrange a match. Chambers arrived from Philadelphia on Feb. 7, met Greenfield's representative and arranged a match. The following articles of agreement were signed:

Articles of Agreement entered into this ninth day of February, 1885, between George Fryer and Alf. Greenfield. The said George Fryer and the said Alf. Greenfield hereby agree to box four rounds, according to the "Police Gazette" Revised rules (with gloves), by which the said George Fryer and the said Alf. Greenfield hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said contest shall be for gate receipts, the winner to receive sixty-five per cent. and the loser thirty-five per cent., less expenses, and shall take place on Friday evening, Feb. 27, in Philadelphia, Pa.

In pursuance of this agreement we herewith attach our names:
Witness:
Wm. Fitzgerald, for Alf. Greenfield,
Arthur Chambers.
W. E. Harding,
for Alf. Greenfield,
Geo. Fryer.

The glove contest for \$500 a side and the heavy-weight championship of the Pacific Slope, between Jack Whistler, who recently knocked out Slade, the Maori, and Clarence Whistler, "the Wrestling Cyclone of Kansas," took place in the Wigwam at San Francisco, on Jan. 30. About 3,000 persons were present, and paid \$1 and \$2 for admission. Tom Walling and Tom Cleary seconded Whistler, and Bill Delaney and Jim Carr seconded Brady. Patsy Hogan was time-keeper for Brady, and Tom Barry for Whistler. J. C. Seymour was referee. Betting was \$100 to \$70 on Brady, owing to the fact that it was Whistler's debut in the ring as a pugilist. Whistler weighed 190 pounds and appeared to be one mass of muscle. Brady was also well trained down, and lost no time in sparring; he landed on Whistler's jaw with his left and dodged an awkward right-hander. Brady then planted his right on Whistler's jaw and knocked Whistler down. A few seconds of wild hitting followed, when Whistler was again knocked down. Whistler was dazed when he regained his feet. Brady then gave him another terrific blow, which completely knocked him out. Whistler had struck one of the ring-posts in his fall. Seymour then declared Brady had won in 3½ seconds.

On Feb. 10 another important glove match was arranged at the Foster Gazette office. Some time ago Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish-American champion, issued a challenge to box or fight any pugilist in America for \$1,000 a side, and Joe Coburn, the ex-champion, agreed to find the stakes. Arthur Chambers called on Coburn and informed him that he was ready to match Wm. Springall, the latest arrival from England, against Daly. Coburn agreed to do so, and later the backers of Daly and Springall met at the Police Gazette office and arranged a match. Articles of agreement were signed for Daly and Springall to box four rounds according to Revised Queensberry rules, the winner to receive sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts. The contest is to take place in this city between Feb. 27 and March 10. Springall will train at Philadelphia, and Joe Coburn will look after Daly. The contest will create considerable interest in sporting circles. Coburn has an idea Daly can defeat any pugilist in America, bar none, while Chambers is ready to back Springall for any amount that he can defeat any pugilist in America barring Sullivan, with or without gloves. It will be Springall's first contest in this city, and will attract a large crowd, as many are eager to see him perform.

At Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 6, the glove contest between Mike Cleary, of this city, and Capt. James Dalton, of Chicago, was decided satisfactorily, both to the contestants' backers and the large audience who witnessed the affair. It was Cleary's first visit to Louisville, and he attracted a great deal of attention among sporting men. Dalton some time ago knocked Rabelau out at Louisville, and many supposed he was to do the same with Cleary, being taller, heavier and more muscular. Both pugilists were in first-class condition. Dalton weighed 190 pounds, Cleary 160. The pugilists had signed articles to box four rounds for a private purse of \$200, and the winner to take two-thirds of the gate money. Dalton was confident he would win. He said: "Sullivan could not knock me out. Is Cleary going to do so?" On time being called shouts of "100 to 75 Dalton will not be knocked out" resounded through the theatre. Both pugilists went right to work, Cleary leading and landing his left in quick style. Dalton appeared anxious to force matters, and several lively exchanges followed. Dalton landed his left on Cleary's forehead, when, with the quickness of a flash, Cleary delivered his deadly right-hand cross-counter on Dalton's left ear. He felt like a log and lay insensible. Intense excitement prevailed as the blood spurted out of Dalton's mouth and nose. Cleary rushed forward and appeared surprised, and many supposed the Chicago pugilist was killed. After rubbing him with brandy, he came to and Cleary was rejoiced that he was not injured. The contest lasted 2 minutes and 40 seconds, and the result created quite a sensation. Cleary was the hero of the hour.

There was a slashing glove contest fought near Providence, R. I., on Feb. 7, between Patsy Howard, of New York (a pugilist unknown in this vicinity), and Mike Hurley, of Providence. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules to a finish for a purse. Hurley is about twenty-seven years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs at 135 pounds. Howard is twenty-nine years old, 5 feet 7½ inches in height and weighed 138 pounds. The pugilists fought with 4-ounce gloves. The fight was a desperate one, both men being trained into the best possible condition. The first round was well contested, and at the fifth Hurley had a shade the better of the encounter. In the second round Hurley gained first blood and punished Howard terribly. Odds of 5 to 1 were offered that Hurley would win, with few takers. In the third round Howard tried to turn the tide of battle in his favor, but the powerful blows Hurley delivered completely demoralized Howard, who fought like a drunken man and staggered all over the ring. The round ended by Hurley knocking Howard down by a tremendous right-hand upper-cut. First knock-down was claimed and allowed for Hurley, who had now scored the double event. Many supposed the terrific blow Howard had received would have ended the fight, but it did not. Howard, by skillful handling and an overdose of pluck, again responded to the call of time and decided to face the music once more. The fourth round was a one-sided affair. Howard was no match for Hurley, and the latter punished him terribly. Howard "stood the storm" of blows until he was fought to the ropes and tottered helplessly against them. The pugilists were again carried to their corners, Hurley as fresh as a lark, Howard despondent, dazed and all but exhausted. He was quickly chaperoned by his seconds, and on time being called he tottered to the scratch. Hurley set right to work to put on the finishing touches on Howard. The fight lasted 25 minutes. Howard's seconds threw up the sponge and Hurley was declared the winner.

At Philadelphia on Feb. 3, Frank Hearld and Billy Gabig fought with buckskin gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$200. Jim Dawson seconded Gabig and Ned Hastings seconded Hearld. After some cautious sparring, Gabig led short three times; he tried again, when Hearld cross-countered with the right, knocking him down. Gabig got up, and rushed in, but was knocked down again; he got up gamely, and rushed, trying to get in body blows; Hearld kept cool, and watching his opportunity, swung his right again, and Gabig went down for the third time. Fortunately for Gabig, "time" was called. Gabig came forward tolerably fresh for the second round, and still determined to force matters—an unwise course, considering his severe treatment in the first round. Hearld waited for him, and as he rushed in he hit him three times on the nose with the left, and then knocked him down with the right. As Gabig lay on the floor, he looked at Hearld as if he were saying, "Don't hit me again—I've had enough." He was unable to rise, and according to the rules, Hearld should have won on "time," but the referee said nothing, and even permitted Gabig's seconds to rush forward and pick up their man (a direct violation of the rules) and carry him to his corner. Hearld's seconds claimed the match, but before the excitement had subsided, Gabig was pushed forward again to renew the fight, the interval of time being fully 1½ minutes. Hearld again sent Gabig off his feet by a right-hander, and Gabig declined to continue. When "time" was called, he said, "That's right; I give up the fight." The match was fought with hard buckskin gloves. Hearld's backers assert that they will match him against any man in Pennsylvania. As Fryer, the new English importation, is in Philadelphia, this is evidently meant for him. We consider Hearld a difficult man to beat, as he is strong, young, a clever sparrer, a hard hitter, a good stayer, and uses excellent judgment in his fighting.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

The 5-mile trotting race on the ice at Montreal was won by Mile End Boy in 15:25½.

Philip Murphy has opened a sporting house, No. 8 East Chelton avenue, Germantown, Pa.

E. F. Mallahan says that Jack Burke can defeat all the fighters in America except John L. Sullivan.

Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, in conjunction with Steve Taylor, boxed at the Olympic, at Chicago, last week.

L. E. Travis, owner of the famous trotting-stallion John Kimble Jackson, died at South Rome, Ga., Saturday evening, Feb. 7.

James Finney, the champion swimmer of the world, has challenged Wm. Beck with to swim 1 mile for \$500 a side and the championship of the world.

At a recent dog show in London 1,623 dogs were exhibited. One St. Bernard was valued at \$50,000, and a toy terrier named Dances was valued by his owner at \$100,000.

Billy Watson, of this city, has organized a combination known as the John McMahon Champion Athletic Combination. Among the company are Paddy Crowley, John McMahon, Jimmy Murray and a host of other athletes.

Harry Lyons, the "Police Gazette" champion boy-skater, gave a grand exhibition of fancy skating at the East New York Skating Rink on Feb. 9, and was presented with an elegant medal by Mr. Grant, the manager.

Prof. Mike Haley writes that he went from Sioux City, Iowa, to Council Bluffs to fight C. F. Dougherty, but on his arrival the latter refused to fight. Haley says: "I am willing to fight 140-pound pugilist in America."

On Feb. 9 a hard-glove fight between Ward and McCartin for \$500 came off at Milwaukee. McCartin won after two hours of hard slugging. Twenty-seven rounds were fought. A large amount of money changed hands. Both men were badly punished.

The Prince of Wales has nominated the Derby winner of 1883, St. Blaise, for the Stockbridge cup, and the Duke of Portland has entered St. Simon. The prince has a sealed nomination for the Gold cup at the Newcastle summer meeting, won last year by his St. Simon.

At a late meeting of the San Francisco Athletic Club the following officers were elected for the coming term: President, F. J. Kiehn; vice-president, J. T. Broderick; recording secretary, A. F. Bessell; financial secretary, H. S. Aust; treasurer, Wm. G. Evans; sergeant-at-arms, H. Jacob; trustees, James Farrell, D. V. Holland, R. W. Blake.

George La Blanche, the Marine, of Boston, writes that he never agreed to meet Pete McCoy at Harry Hill's theatre and that his name was used without his consent. Further, he claims that arrangements were made for him to box McCoy at Boston, and that he went there to meet McCoy, but the latter failed to appear. He said: "I am ready to meet McCoy at any time."

On Feb. 6 George Hazell, the well-known 6-day pedestrian, called at the Police Gazette office and stated that if Richard K. Fox intended to have a 6-day race at Madison Square Garden in March he would be the first to enter. Or he was ready to arrange a match to run any man in this country any distance from 27 miles to 6 days for \$1,000 a side and upward.

Albo Miller, an English pugilist, and John McGee fought with hard gloves in South Boston, Mass., on Feb. 9. Only 2 rounds were fought, and Miller was beaten. McGee made it so hot for him that he seemed perfectly paralyzed, and at the end of the second round said he had enough. He showed a bad cut over the left eye and was used up generally. The police did not interfere.

Joe Shannon and John Curtis called at the "Police Gazette" office on Feb. 13 and agreed to arrange a match with Dan Kane's dog, Paddy, at 25 or 30 pounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side and the championship at the weights. If the match is ratified it will create a sensation. Curtis' canine has won nine consecutive battles, for \$500 and \$1,000 each, and never yet met with defeat.

The single-scul race between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, the champion sculler of America, and Patrick Clifford, of Melbourne, was rowed over the championship course of New South Wales on Feb. 7. Betting was 10 to 3 on Hanlan at the start. The course rowed on the Paramatta river is 3 miles 330 yards, and the stakes were \$5,000, \$2,500 a side. Hanlan had a walk-over. Clifford was never in the race, and Hanlan won easily by 6 lengths.

On Feb. 6 Dan Kane, the noted sporting man of Cincinnati, and owner of Paddy, the champion 25½-pound dog, called at the Police Gazette office accompanied by Phil. Clare, of Brooklyn, posted \$500 and issued the following challenge: "I will match my dog Paddy to fight any 25½ or 26-pound dog in America, according to Cincinnati rules, for from \$500 to \$500 a side, give or take expenses. I have posted \$500 with Richard K. Fox to prove I mean business; first come, first served."

Billy Costello, ex-champion light-weight of California, now of Scranton, Pa., who defeated Jack Conway on March 3, 1873, and Thomas Slaven, of Carbondale, the champion of the coal region, fought in the Armory, Providence, Pa., on the eve of the 7th inst. Hard gloves were used and three rattling rounds contested, when the police put an end to the mill. The honors were awarded to Costello, who knocked his opponent clean over the ropes and off the stage.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. Willis Brown (2), Hon. Wm. F. Cody, Harry Dobson, barjost; Wm. Edwards, pedestrian; James W. Fullbrook (2), Harry Force, Miss Edna Grey, Tom Hall, Dennis Hanley, Henry Hagermeister, J. Elwin Irving, H. M. Johnson (sprinter); John Mackay, Patsy Murphy, G. J. Montgomery, Eph Morris, Michael Flannan, W. Price, Sol Smith Russell, Johnson Robbens, Wm. Smith, Geo. Werhan, S. F. Yeager, artist.

At Lockport, N. Y., recently, Harry Mack attempted to skate 4 miles while James A. Graham ran the distance. The track was laid out 15 laps to the mile, a distance of 352 ft. around. The score was kept by Messrs. Dunn and Owens. Mr. Wm. Burke was referee, and Mr. Frank North kept time. Over \$250 changed hands on the result. The race was a great victory for Graham. The score was as follows: Graham—First mile, 4m 37s; second mile, 5m; third mile, 4m 25s; fourth mile, 4m 36s. Total, 18m 38s. Mack—First mile, 4m 20s; second mile, 4m 19s; third mile, 4m 19s; fourth mile, 4m 25s; fifth mile, 6 laps. Graham's time beats the records, and the track must have been short or the race not properly timed.

The great billiard match between W. J. Peall and Joseph Bennett, in which the latter agreed to give Peall 500 points in a game of 5,000 points up, spot barrel, ended at the Aquarium, London, Eng., on Jan. 22, and Peall won. On Jan. 21 Peall had made 4,757 to Bennett's 4,356. The latter then made 70, 51 and 20, reaching from 4,510 to 4,722. Peall, who had contributed 21, then came out with 43, and followed it up directly after with 71, and although Bennett made runs of 77, 35 and 24, Peall brought his figures, 4,972, to 4,675, and after Bennett made 11, Peall ran out in his next with an unfinished 18, a winner by 314 points.

Owing to the fact that Peter Duryea, the manager of the last two great 6-day races in Madison Square Garden, has abandoned the idea of holding a 6-day race in March, as proposed, Richard K. Fox intends putting up the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, and holding a grand 6-day race in Madison Square Garden if the building can be engaged. The same conditions that governed the race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt at Boston, when Frank H. Hart won it, will govern the race, and the entrance fee will only be \$100. The following famous pedestrians have signified their intention of competing in the race: George Hazell, John Hughes, George D. Normes, John P. Clog, Robert Vint and fifty others of lesser note. Patrick Fitzgerald, the 6-day go-as-you-please champion, may also compete. The "Police Gazette" diamond belt is valued at \$1,000, and is the only belt now in existence except the Astley belt.

The following visitors called at this office the past week: J. W. Allison, the American Bar; Arthur Naugus, Liverpool, Eng.; Thad. Anderson, Joe Denning, Joe Bowler, Greenpoint; Ed. F. Mallahan, M. Allen, German's theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Henry Seelig, Jack Souper, Chas. Engelbrecht, Marc San Antonio, Arthur Soudant, Capt. Jas. C. Daly, James Murray, John Hughes, Frank Nelson, Hugh McCormick, St. John's Chas. McCue, Nick, Ralph McGerale, Canada; Thos. Greene, Jas. McCue, Jas. Holly wood, Wm. E. Dean, Harlem; Walter De Baum, Jim Burns, Arthur Chambers, Wm. Edwards, Joe Shannon, Joe Fowler, Geo. Young, Alf. Power, Jack Dempsey, Jack Kearney, Philadelphia; Martin Dempsey, Alfred Howard, Denver, Col.; Paddy Kane, J. Levy, J. Barnard, Geo. Hazell, Jim Fell, James Patterson, John McMahon, Paddy Crowley, James Stewart, Billy Watson.

On Feb. 10, at Heiser's Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, E. D., a large crowd attended Joe Heiser's (the amateur champion light-weight pugilist) benefit. The first on the programme was the horizontal bar and flying rings exhibition, which were executed with much grace and skill by Messrs. Stel, Kraft, Baruch, Mike Haas and Giamini, members of the American Athletic Club; Mike Haas and A. F. Camacho then each won a fall at catch-as-catch-can wrestling. These gave way to Walter De Baum and Jack Hooper, who had a fine set-to of 3 rounds. Followed these came J. J. Kraft in his graceful club-swinging act. Frank Sahulka and his pupil, W. Patton, then rattled away at each other with the motto: The next pair were the Haas brothers, and they gave a fine exhibition of mixed wrestling. George Kien and J. Nelson, two feather weights, had 3 hard rounds, and it came very near being a fight; as both hit for all they were worth. Then came Martin Dempsey and George Connors, and they each won a fall at collar-and-elbow wrestling. Prof. Hattenstein and his pupil gave 3 scientific rounds. Then came the wind-up of the evening between Jack Dempsey, champion, and Joe Heiser, amateur champion. It was an 8-round contest for scientific points. When the men stepped on to the stage they were both in the pink of condition, and the spectators were afforded a fine set-to. The fighting was fast and heavy. In the fifth round Police Captain Waldron would not allow the rivals to finish.

The members of the Twelfth regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., held a grand stillie meeting at the armory, Forty-fourth street and Broadway, on Feb. 9.

The 440-yard race was won by E. A. Richard, who defeated C. S. Duce in the final heat in 1m 25s.

William Drew, aged fourteen years, walked an exhibition mile in 10m.

Five-mile run—G. G. Gilbert, Company A, Fourth regiment, first time, 31m 22s; F. A. Ware, second time, 31m 44s.

Half-mile run—A. Smith, first; T. Oaks, second. Time, 2m 21s.

The tug-of-war between married men of Company F and single ones was won by the former by 15 in 15 in the 5m limit.

Mile run—A. Dalrymple, Company A, engineers, Willett's Point, first; F. Reilly, same regiment, second. Time, 6m 16s.

A. Rehage and L. Stevens, both members of the Clinton Athletic Club, gave 3 rounds of very spirited boxing.

Half-mile run—A. Thompson, Company A, first; T. Oakes, drum corps, second. Time, 2m 32s.

The 220-yard hurdle race was won by J. F. Smith, who defeated C. S. Duce in the final heat. Time, 45s.

G. A. Kraft walked a mile in 7m 50s.

F. H. Ludlow won the 220-yard race in 28s.

The tug-of-war between Company F, Thirtieth regiment, and Company F, Ninth regiment, was won by the former by a fact. D. S. Lord was the captain of the winning team.

The skating race for the 55-mile amateur championship of America was decided at the Manhattan Club Grounds on Feb. 7. The race attracted quite a number of sporting men and patrons of the sport, and among them was A. W. H. Sanford, John E. Ellis and McCormick and Whittier, the flying Club taskers. Six started in the race: George D. Phillips, of the New York Athletic Club; Timothy Donohue, of Newburgh; Charles Platt, Manhattan Athletic Club; W. G. Brokaw, Nautant Athletic Club; C. A. F. Queckbarr, New York Athletic Club, and Samuel O'Brien, New York city. For the first 6 miles there were several changes of position, and Platt finished the seventh mile in 31m 1s. Donohue was then second and O'Brien third. O'Brien led at 8 miles in 33m 26s. At 19 miles Brokaw led in 1h 21m 34s; Platt second, and O'Brien third. In the twentieth mile Donohue had taken command of the field, while Brokaw, who had fallen in the fifth lap, fell to the rear. The time made was 1h 28m 35s. Twenty-first mile, Donohue, 1h 23m 31s. Phillips was a close second and Platt a bad third. O'Brien had given up the contest. Twenty-second mile, Donohue, 1h 36m 17s. Twenty-third mile, 1h 40m 3s. Twenty-fourth mile, Donohue, 1h 44m 15s. Donohue, who looked like a winner, took out his handkerchief to wipe his face, and fell, and before he could resume his stride Phillips had won the race, skating the distance in 1h 49m 17s-5s. Donohue finished second in 1h 49m 27s; Platt third, in 1h 50m 37s; Brokaw fourth, in 1h 51m 17s, and Queckbarr fifth, in 1h 53m 25s. Phillips kept on and beat the record for 26 miles, covering the distance in 1h 53m 41s-3s, which beats Samuel Montgomery's record by 17m 49s-2s.

Jack Cooper, the Dublin Boy, and Jim Fell, of Rich Hill, Mo., met at the Alhambra, 108 West Eighteenth street New York, on Feb. 9 at 11 P. M. to contend, according to "Police Gazette" rules, to a finish for a purse. The members of the numerous clubs and a large delegation of sporting men turned out en masse to witness the affair. Just as the pugilists stepped into the arena, Capt. Alexander B. Williams came suddenly on the scene, and his presence settled all prospects of the meeting. Later, Cooper went to Athletic Hall, in West Thirtieth street, and was informed that the contest could take place there. "I am ready to fight, then," said the Dublin Boy. Fell was quickly notified, and arrangements were made for the pugilists to fight. Only twenty persons were present and no time was lost. Fell and Cooper stripped for the contest. Dennis Butler was selected to second Cooper, and Al Powers acted in that capacity for Fell. Mike Donovan, the ex-champion middle-weight pugilist, was chosen referee. Fell weighed 175 lbs; Cooper, 160 lbs. After the pugilists entered the ring and faced each other there was a marked disparity in their height and size, and it was plain to be seen that Cooper was handicapped; his opponent being 2½ in taller and 20 lbs heavier. The fight was one of the most determined and best contested affairs ever witnessed in this vicinity for some time. In the second round Fell knocked Cooper down by a tremendous right-hander. The blow, while it did not end the battle, dazed the Dublin Boy, and he would have quit there and then only he was "game to the backbone." From this round, although Cooper displayed the most judgment and more science than Fell, the latter outgrew him and landed blow after blow on Cooper's body and face, and at the end of the third round again knocked him down. Cooper's head struck one of the stakes and many supposed the contest was all over, but on time being called, the plucky Dublin Boy, Spartan-like, again faced the music. In the fourth round blow for blow was exchanged, and Fell repeatedly eluded Cooper, in spite of the shouting of the referee not to do so. Cooper abandoned his retrograde movements and assumed the offensive, pluckily standing Fell's battery of blows, and was terribly punished until the round ended. In the fifth round Cooper fought pluckily and made a great effort to win, but Fell's weight and length of reach told, and, after landing a terrific left-hand blow on Cooper's neck, he knocked him down by an aneurism. Again it was supposed the battle was over, but on time being called, the brave Dublin Boy was again in front of his opponent. No time was lost by Fell in starting. He went right to work and ding-dong blows were exchanged. Cooper, although a terribly punished, proved that he was game, and succeeded in knocking Fell down. On Fell's regaining his feet Cooper again tried to turn the tables, but Fell landed his left on Cooper's breast-bone, his right and left open and fought him down. On time being called for the seventh round Cooper staggered to the scratch, determined to fight until exhausted nature gave way and compelled him to succumb. Fell at once knew that he had Cooper beaten and he was anxious to end the affair. He rushed at his now vanquished foe and bracing himself landed a terrific right-hander on Cooper's jugular. With thoughts of the diamond belt of South Africa and sweet Dublin Bay Cooper fell and went to sleep and did not wake in time to scratch for the 11th round, and Fell, who was born in Cumberland, Eng., was declared the winner. Cooper, although defeated by Fell, gained the sympathy of all who witnessed the great fight by the plucky way he fought his opponent 20 lbs heavier and 2½ in taller for 5m. Fell proved that he is a first-class pugilist, and he has been under a cover. It is doubtful if there are any men in this country his weight able to defeat him without knowing he can punish. Cooper's next contest will be with Joe Denning at Clarendon Hall on Monday, Feb. 23, six rounds, Queensberry rules. Many believe Cooper will defeat Denning, but he is heavily handicapped.

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THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I think Mike Cleary must be considered an in-and-out pugilist.

One day he knocks a man out, and then he operates on the same pugilist with his terrible right hand, and beats the record by stopping him from thinking in quicker time than he did at first.

Instead of continuing to demoralize his opponents, he meets Kilrain and has all he can do to hold his own.

Later, he knocks out Jim Goode in Chicago in almost a jiffy, and again makes a step to the rear by having all he can do to prevent Jack Burke from defeating him.

Just at a time when every one supposes Cleary's pugilistic star is setting, he journeys to Louisville, Ky., and knocks out the burly Capt. James Dalton in less than 3 minutes.

Cleary's mode of operation is a puzzle to many. It must be that he has a peculiar way of knocking pugilists out, or, as Tom McAlpine says, "stopping their pulse," and he can only accomplish the knocking-out process when his opponent does not have the ability or science to prevent him from sending what Tom Sayers called an sucker.

I have just received a long letter from Tom Walling, the Police Gazette correspondent of the Pacific Slope, in which he informs me that Jack Brady knocked Clarence Whistler clean out in 33½ seconds at San Francisco, on Jan. 30, 1884.

I remember about three years ago that Clarence Whistler, when he was in New York, notified Richard K. Fox that he was eager to enter the ring.

It was proposed for Whistler to box John L. Sullivan in Madison Square Garden, but the Wrestling Cyclone of Kansas did not fancy the idea of meeting the Boston phenomenon, and the matter dropped.

Now, if Whistler had agreed to meet Sullivan, he might not have been knocked out any quicker than Brady, the Pacific Slope champion, put him to sleep; but he would have received several thousand dollars for his pains and been able to boast, like many more, that he boxed Sullivan.

I think Whistler lost golden laurels by refusing to meet Sullivan after he had decided to become a pugilist, and he would not have fallen in such disgrace to have been knocked out by Sullivan, than by a pugilist who, although he claims to be the champion of the Pacific Slope, would not stand in the fourth class in a competition for the championship.

I have received a letter from the secretary of the Washington Park Club, of Chicago, in which he states the meeting on this popular track in June promises to be a grand affair.

In looking over the entry list I find there are 451 entries, 183 are from Kentucky, 72 from Missouri, 46 from California, 30 from Illinois, 25 from Colorado, 18 from New York, 16 from Ohio, 16 from Alabama, 14 from Tennessee, 7 each from Indiana and Arkansas, 6 each from Iowa and Texas, 3 from Montana, 1 from Pennsylvania and 1 from Mississippi.

At the time I read that Joseph Bennett, the famous English billiard expert, essayed to allow W. J. Peall 500 points in a game of 1,000 for \$250, I had an idea Bennett was concealing Peall, who is destined to be the champion, too much start.

The game ended on Jan. 22, and Peall won by 314 points, to the surprise of many who had backed Bennett.

Speaking about English billiard-players, who, by their great matches and protracted games, have made such a sensation of late, I have to protest that Roberts, in his match with Fred Bennett, which ended on Jan. 21 at the Aquarium, London, Eng., accomplished the wonderful feat of running 152, 134, 76, 74, 75, and 82, making 1,000 in 1 hour and 9 minutes.

Roberts' performance was a wonderful one and the quickest on record at the all-round game.

W. J. Peall is credited with scoring 1,000 in 44 minutes, but chiefly by the spot stroke, and no comparison can be properly made, but in my opinion Roberts' performance is the best and unprecedented.

At the time it was announced that Wm. L. Murdoch, the famous cricketer, had left the Australian eleven without giving any cause for speeding, I, like many more, was surprised.

Since I have learned that Murdoch eloped from Sandhurst with the daughter of a mining millionaire.

An Australian exchange says: "The pair were married the same day, G. J. Bonner being very appropriately the best man, and A. Alexander taking the part of the 'heavy father,' in the absence of the real article, who is greatly incensed, and asserts that he will not bequeath a penny of his fortune to his daughter."

It is my opinion that the League Baseball Association was more afraid of a fight than the American Association, because League clubs had more to lose. If the National agreement had been broken there would have been a raid by the club managers of one organization on the players of the other.

Gaining publicity by challenges is a dodge as old as the "three-card trick," and some people work it with a large amount of success. It is cheap, because the challenges are inserted "free gratis and for nothing," with the extra advantage of large type and prominent display. For my own part, I have always been skeptical about these races for such tremendous sums since I learned that the big match for £500 a side between Weston and O'Leary, which attracted all London some years ago, was an arranged affair, in which the "gate" was all the money that either man really fingered. There are far more honest matches for £5 (\$25) a side than any events in which the stakes are quoted at ten or even twenty times that amount.

As a matter of fact, there is little of the real element of steeplechasing at our race-courses, which are too cramped and artificial, and the obstacles of such little consequence as to encourage owners to start half-schooled horses with the most ludicrous and not unfrequently fatal results.

That we have a breed of horses calculated and able to outshine every one at the business, is evidenced by the fact that nearly every American horse which has been tried at jumping in England has proved a success.

Blue Grass, the last of the Americans to show any approach to high form, has been engaged in the leading hurdle races in England, and Potel, the brother to Foxhall, has likewise been relegated to steeplechasing. Indeed, the English seem to have a great idea of the capacity of the American horses for the cross-country racing, Sachem Jolly, Sir John Dolero, Idea, Break-spore, Glen Joss and Dakota all having been utilized for the business.

Turf speculators, who are innumerable in England, are now backing in earnest the probable winner of the Derby and Two Thousand Guineas.

As many doubtless know, the race for the Two Thousand Guineas is decided over the Rowley Mile on Newmarket Heath, about a month before the Derby is run at Epsom.

The distance for the Blue Ribbon is half as far again as that for the Guineas, and thus the latter race does not require as much stamina as is necessary to win in Surrey.

I have received the entry book issued by the Coney Island Jockey Club for the racing season of 1885.

It states that the June meeting will commence on Thursday, June 11, and close on July 1.

The autumn meeting will begin on Aug. 29 and end on Saturday, Sept. 10. Six or seven entries will be given each day, and I understand in no instance will the added money be less.

The events to be contested at the June meeting will be the Coney Island stakes, valued at \$1,500; the Coney Island cup, \$2,000; the Selling sweepstakes, \$1,000; the Emporium, \$3,000; the Suburban, \$2,500; the Great Post stakes, \$1,500; the Swift stakes, \$1,250; the Spendthrift stakes, \$1,500; and the Grand National steeplechase, \$1,500. Among those of the autumn meeting will be the Autumn stakes, \$1,500; the September stakes, \$1,500; the Great Long Island stakes, \$2,500; the Bridge handicap, \$2,500; the Great Eastern handicap, \$5,000; and the Flatbush stakes, \$1,500.

Great skill, backed by ample wealth, has wrought wondrous improvement in the thoroughbred within the last few years. The native conceit respecting the speed and stamina of American race-horses was also strengthened by the great achievements of the American representatives, Irregulars and Foxhall, in England.

To win a Derby and capture a Cambridgeshire were certainly great performances, and showed that it was quite possible to breed horses on this side of the Atlantic that were fully able to hold their own against the best of those bred in a land recognized to be the home of the thoroughbred.

It is more than likely that George Littlewood, the long-distance pedestrian champion of England, will arrange a match for a 6-day race with Patrick Fitzgerald, the 6-day post-equestrian champion of the world, as the latter has posted a forfeit and is eager to arrange a race.

There is not a city or town in the country that does not boast of a champion roller-skater, but it is a hard matter to decide what athlete is able to roll fast enough to be acknowledged as the champion of this new and fascinating game.

There is one important fact to be taken into consideration in the matter of selecting men for baseball teams on the basis of their special skill in the three departments of the game—batting, fielding and base-running—and that is, that a greater degree of intelligence is required in the player who would excel in base-running than is needed either in fielding or in batting.

Any soft-brained heavy weight can hit a ball for a home-run, but it requires a sharp-witted, intelligent player with his wits about him to make a successful base-runner. Indeed, base-running is the most difficult work a player has to do in the game.

To place a ball at the bat needs head-work such as is not needed in home-run batting, and to cover infield positions in the field properly a degree of intelligence is required which the majority, as a general rule, do not possess. But to excel in base-running such mental qualifications are required as only the minority are found to possess.

Presence of mind, prompt action on the spur of the moment, quickness of perception, coolness and nerve are among the requisites of a successful base-runner.

There is no little time allowed to judge of the question that prompt action becomes a necessity with the base-runner. He must hurry up all the time. Then he must be daring in taking risks while at the same time avoiding recklessness in his running. Though fast running is an important aid in base-running, a fast runner who lacks judgment, coolness and, in fact, head-work in his running will not equal a poor runner who possesses the nerve and intelligence required for the work.

I understand Isadore Cohnfeld, the owner of the trotting stallion Maxey Cobb, is eager to match the champion stallion against J. L. Case's Phyllis.

By the way, I understand Cohnfeld will match Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium against any team in the country, and that he will enter them to trot for the Richard K. Fox \$1,000 cup for double teams.

It has rarely been the case in past years that so much interest among betting men has been re-ordered so many months in advance as has been chronicled in England on the English Derby.

I should think, if the large amounts already wagered on Paradox would decide the question, that he had already run the race and won the Blue Ribbon.

The race will not be run for nearly three months, and yet Paradox has been backed to win the great historical race to the tune of thousands of dollars.

Favorites do not always win, and it is my opinion that if the bookmakers on the other side can work on the same system as those on this side, the sporting public, who are now so eagerly backing Paradox, will find that either Melton or Zentrall has beaten him and their money gone.

Losing wager stakes and then entering legal proceedings to recover them from either the party that won or the stakeholder is not only practiced in this country, but in England and France.

On several occasions Richard K. Fox has been sued by pugilists and pedestrians for stakes held by him in important matches, but fortunately none of the parties ever recovered the money they had fairly lost.

After Charley Norton, the retired light-weight champion, defeated Jim Farley in a glove contest at Coney Island, and Farley, under the protection of the Gambling Act, sued for the stakes.

Quinn, a sprinter, of Pottsville, who was matched to run Brennan of Tamagus, and when the time came appeared on the track and then refused to run and lost his money, sued Richard K. Fox for its recovery, but failed to recover.

T. C. Herbert, who was matched to run Steele, of Bloomsbury, for \$1,000, which was held by Richard K. Fox, after losing the money sued for its recovery, and was also non-suited.

One of these cases is now creating quite a stir in France. M. Laporte, the owner of a fast trotter, wagered \$2,000 against \$1,000 that his horse could beat any trotter in France 2¼ miles.

The challenge was taken up by one M. Sortet, and the money staked by both sides in the hands of an umpire. The match was decided over the race-course at Longchamps, and won very easily by M. Sortet, to whom the umpire handed the stakes.

But M. Laporte, who does not seem to have raised any objection at the time, afterward claimed to have his money back, upon the ground that the rider of M. Sortet's horse "broke" several times and also willfully jostled his pony.

M. Sortet, as might be expected, refused to refund the money, and when M. Laporte served him with a writ, met him with the objection that he could not sue for a gambling debt. The Court, however, has decided that he can do so, and it will now remain for him to prove the truth of his allegation that there was unfair riding on the other side.

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal card.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

A. J., Boston.—No.
P. G., Boston.—Yes.
W. G., Erie, Cal.—Yes.
M. S., Fort Jefferson.—No.
W. S., Louisville, Conn.—No.
L. McK., Clawson, Ohio.—Yes.
N. A. D., Seymour, Conn.—Yes.
S. S. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Yes.
W. A. D., East Saginaw, Mich.—No.
S. A. P., New York.—John C. Heenan.
S. W. B., Rochester, N. Y.—L. E. Myers.
J. F. D., Buffalo, Ind.—No. 2. Yes.
S. E. D., Pueblo, Col.—Will answer next week.
W. S., Akron, Ohio.—See answer to J. B., Cincinnati.
QUAKER CITY, Richmond, Indiana.—Three feet is correct.
T. W., Salina, Kan.—Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height.
H. H. M., Kingston, N. Y.—We have not the party's address.
A. D., St. Louis, Mo.—Blair Athol was sold in 1872 for \$62,000.
J. H. J., St. James, Miss.—Send \$1 and we will mail the book.
A. H., Havre De Grace.—Do not know of such an organization.
F. L., Brooklyn.—Jack Dempsey, of New York, holds that title.
A. Sumschneider, Centralia, Ill.—3 wins. There was no majority.
H. G., Haverhill, Mass.—We answer no correspondents by mail.
F. S., Zehner, Luzerne Co., Pa.—The cards must be shuffled and cut.
C. A. B., St. Paul, Minn.—They were opened, but have closed again.
CONSTANT READER, Nanticoke, Pa.—Ryan, 129 lbs; Sullivan, 195 lbs.
W. J. F., Loewenworth, Kansas.—Butler, 133,880; St. John, 150,613.
A. M., Bordentown, N. J.—Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1850.
M. G., Boston, Mass.—Tom Hyer died in New York city, June 26, 1861.
J. B. W., Bay City, Mich.—See answer to C. T. C., Osage City, Kansas.
D. A. P., Peckskill, N. Y.—It will be impossible to use the baseball group.
T. M., Providence, R. I.—Will furnish you with book on receipt of 50 cents.
S. S., Denver, Col.—Dr. Burdell was murdered in January, 1857. 2. Yes.
W. J. M., Stillwater, Minn.—Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1811.
E. D., Corning, N. Y.—Write to Frank Stevenson or John Curtis, care of this office.
FERRIS, Fort Wayne, Ind.—Thanks. Send us another letter on the same subject.
Y. O., Syosset, Mo.—Send your name and address to our advertising department.
S. E. N., Chicago.—John L. Sullivan will be twenty-seven years of age next October.
J. H. K., Waverly, N. Y.—No. 2. See answer to C. T. C., Osage City, Kansas.
G. G., Baltimore, Md.—Jim Dunn was born in County Kildare, Ireland, Oct. 4, 1852.
LITTLE JACK, Cleveland, O.—Send your name and address to our advertising department.
R. D., Mansfield, Wis.—Write to Gen. Grant. He is the only one who can inform you.
D. K., Caldwell, D. T.—Yes. 2. Ryan gained the first fall and Sullivan the second.
D. B. S., Butler Co., Pa.—1. B wins. 2. We recently published portrait and record.
J. M. H., Portland, Me.—Please send your name and address to our advertising department.
J. E. L., New York.—Christopher Keyburn, better known as Kit Burns, died on Dec. 19, 1870.
P. C., Bay City, Mich.—A letter addressed to the Sporting Life, London, will reach him.
Cowboy, Fort Bridget, W. T.—1. There is no such record. 2. No horse ever ran 1 mile in 1:04.
C. T. U., Osage City, Kan.—The figure on the left, with the long coat and stick, is Alf. Greenfield.
J. P. Q., New Bedford.—Send \$3 and we will forward you the lives of the pugilists you require.
G. W. E., Washington Barracks, D. C.—1. Yes; the jack counts. 2. It does not count on a misdeal.
M. W., Boston.—By Way, the ex-champion jumper, died at Edwardsville, Ill., on Oct. 10, 1874.
L. M., Indianapolis, Ind.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, but his parents are Irish. A wins.
C. M. G., Hinkley, Ill.—Yes, if he can run such wonderful fast trials he would improve by training.
J. L. M., Council Bluffs, Ohio.—A loses. Blaine did not carry Pennsylvania by a majority of 50,000.
B. J. B., Chicago.—Grover Cleveland, 4,914,058; Blaine, 4,844,252. Grover Cleveland's plurality, 69,806.
T. J. J., Corunna, Mich.—Send your name and address and state your request to our advertising department.
C. A. L., Brainard, Neb.—1. Send \$3.50 and we will send you the book. 2. The party claiming game first won.
Mexico, New York.—Put an advertisement in the Police Gazette stating that you require such a position.
G. E., Chicago, Ill.—Tom King was defeated by Jim Mace on Jan. 28, 1861, and King, in turn, defeated Mace.
J. B., New York.—1. Between \$3,000 and \$4,000. 2. Write to Arthur Chambers, 922 Bridge Avenue, Philadelphia.
W. C. H., Hellsville, N. C.—Write to Harry Jennings, Centre street, near Broadway, New York; he can supply you.
S. M., Harrisburg, Pa.—The police stopped the fight between Ryan and Sullivan on Jan. 19, and all bets were off.
C. M., Lynnfield, Mass.—1. John C. Heenan stood 6 ft 1½ in and weighed 192 lbs. 2. King 6 ft 2½ in in height. 3. No.
S. N., Orange, N. J.—Tom Sayers' arm was badly injured but not broken in his great battle with John C. Heenan.
E. H., Erie, Pa.—1. No. 2. Sullivan has only fought once with bare knuckles, that was when he fought Paddy Ryan.
E. E. S., Chicago.—If you want to arrange a match send on a deposit, and set the parties challenging you the pattern.
G. A. T., and I. M. B., Kansas City.—A, having built seven, had a perfect right to take in the ace and six B and C played.
J. F. P., Madison, Conn.—1. No. 2. Send for the lives and battles of John C. Heenan and John Morrissey to this office.
D. M., Chicago, Ill.—1. Country McCloskey's right name was George McCloskey. 2. He stood 6 ft and weighed 180 lbs.
JAMES LYNN, Youngstown, Ohio.—Scranton, Pa., has a population of 45,850. In poker dice three aces beats three aces.
ENGLISHMAN, Detroit, Mich.—If you want a situation as jockey, advertise in the Police Gazette. All sporting men read it.
B. B., Boston, Mass.—The largest stakes ever fought for in England was \$10,000, between Tom King and John C. Heenan.
E. D. and J. Q., Omro.—You cannot renounce from the five fingers, consequently D had a right to play the jack, having no other trump.
J. H. H., San Francisco.—1. John L. Sullivan is taller and heavier than Alf. Greenfield. 2. About twenty-four years of age. 3. Yes.
T. R. E., Dayton, Maricopa Co., Ala.—1. There is no life of the pugilist you mention published. 2. See last issue of the Police Gazette.
W. W. E., Albany, N. Y.—Paper labels for acid bottles should be fastened on with strong glue and afterward soaked with melted paraffine.
J. K. D., Pueblo, Col.—It takes the Hamburg steamers 8 days 6 hours to go from New York to Plymouth, and 42 hours more to Hamburg.
D. D., New Orleans, La.—The Bristol and the Providence are the largest vessels of their kind in the United States, each registering 2,962 tons.
G. M., Bordentown, N. J.—1. Write to Peck & Snyder, 120 Nassau street, New York. 2. John L. Sullivan is the champion heavy weight of the world.

Q. R., Rochester, N. Y.—The total score in the international rifle match at Dollymount, Ireland, on July 29, 1880, was: Ireland, 1,380; America, 1,292.

J. B., Raritan, N. J.—Wm. H. Vanderbilt is reputed to be the richest individual in the world. It is impossible to estimate the millions he possesses.

A. E., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Joe Coburn was born July 20, 1855. 2. His fighting weight when he fought Jim Mace was 183 lbs. 3. Coburn stood 5 ft 9 in.

BARRETT, Dodge City, Kansas.—1. Yes, at Baltimore. 2. Ten Brock's time, when he distanced Mollie McCarthy, at Louisville, Ky., July 2, 1878, was 6m 19½s.

S. H., Sixth street, Cincinnati.—1. The Ryan and Sullivan fight for the championship was fought in February, 1882. 2. Nine rounds were fought in 11m. not 10m 30s.

C. M. E., Colchester, Massachusetts, Ill.—1. You had better issue a challenge and put up a forfeit. 2. There are numerous athletes who can excel your performance.

L. M., Youngstown, O.—During 1884 Harry Wilkes trotted 27 heats in 2:30 or better, and during the year trotted more heats in 2:30 or better than any horse on the turf.

J. B., Cincinnati.—Daniel O'Leary's (the ex-champion pedestrian) best record for 6 days is 519 miles 1,685 yards, made in 14th 6m 10s, at London, England, in April, 1877.

G. A. C., Contraband, E. I.—Yes; if the dealer puts up or does not shuffle the cards, his opponent has the privilege of objecting and insisting upon their being fairly shuffled.

A. Sumschneider, Camden, N. J.—John L. Sullivan weighed over 200 lbs when he met Paddy Ryan in Madison Square Garden, and he weighed more than Ryan when they fought at Mississippi.

D. G., Troy, N. Y.—1. The first race for the Oaks in England was in 1779, when it was won by Budget. 2. Spinaway was the winner of the One Thousand Guineas in 1875, and also won the Oaks.

B. F. S., Calhoun, Ga.—Society Prevention Cruelty to Children, Fourth avenue, New York; Pinkerton's Detective Agency, 66 Exchange place, New York; Peck Publishing Co., 25 Warren street, New York.

CORRESPONDENT.—Anonymous correspondents will receive no attention or consideration. If your inquiry is worth anything send us your name and post-office address, so that we may know with whom we are dealing.

A. Q., Baltimore, Md.—A new method adapted by Reinecker of untinning tinplate scraps consists mainly of using a large pot containing soda, lye and oxide of lead. About three per cent. tin is obtained by the process.

J. McL., Beaver Dam.—1. In playing casino the party claiming game first wins. 2. A player has a right to a show in playing a "freese-out." 3. A party playing in an unlimited game of poker is not entitled to a show. 4. Yes.

W. P., Youngstown, I.—At New York, on Dec. 20, 1876, Bogardus attempted to break 5,500 glass balls inside of 7h 30m 30s. 2. Bogardus used a shotgun, stood 15 yards from the traps and smashed 5,500 balls in 7h 19m 1s.

A. Sumschneider, Farmingdale, N. Y.—One was afraid of the other. Send 20 cents for "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," or the "Life of Jim Mace," published at this office; the books will give you full particulars.

G. S., St. Louis, Mo.—The last battle for the belt representing the championship of England was between Joe Wormald and Andrew Marden, the former winner in 18 rounds in 37 minutes. The battle was fought on Jan. 4, 1883.

L. D., Syracuse.—There is no such provision made when two men sign articles to contend in a fight and one of the other is attacked with sickness and unable to compete. The party failing to carry out the agreement forfeits the money.

C. W., Lisbon, Iowa.—If articles were signed to wrestle side-hold, according to "Police Gazette" rules, Graft should have won a belt. Kohl is entitled to the stakes by Graft refusing to continue his struggle when ordered to do so by the referee.

A. E., Selma, Ala.—Harry Kelley defeated James Hamill twice on the Tyne, Eng., July 4 and 5, 1881, each time boxing for 2:50 a side. First, straightaway, 4 miles 738 yards, which Kelley won in 33m 25s. Second, 5 miles, one turn, in about 38m.

J. E., Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.—Bill Lang ran 1 mile down hill at Newmarket, England, in 4m 2s, in 1885. He also ran a mile in 4m 17½s, level ground, in a dead heat with Bill Richards, Aug. 19, 1885. A wins, as the latter performance constitutes a record.

MARY ORRISMAN, Raleigh, N. C.—Thanks for your opinion of the Gazette. We will guarantee to mail the Gazette to you and your friends direct from this office on receipt of subscription price. Please inform all admirers of this paper in North Carolina of this fact.

M. N., Washington, D. C.—1. The best record for 6-day heel-and-toe walking is 631 miles in 120h 45m 30s, made by Littlewood, at Drill Hall, Sheffield, England, March, 1882. 2. The best 6-day record for 6-days go-as-you-please, is 800 miles, 220 yards in 14h 15m.

E. E., New Orleans, La.—The cost of the public domain of the United States, first and last, has been about \$650,000,000, not including the cost of wars with Indians, England and Mexico, or of the consequent diplomatic and other negotiations that have ensued.

E. D., Selma, Ala.—Marine animals congregate mainly along the coasts of continents on soundings. The meeting-place of two maritime currents of different temperature, as on the banks of Newfoundland, favors the development of a great diversity of fishes.

L. M., Rochester, N. Y.—J. George L. Lorillard's Florida defeated Irish King and Glenmore in 4-mile heats at Shoeburgh Bay, Sept. 18, 1880. 2. The first heat was run in the unprecedented time of 1:23½, which is the fastest time on record, and the second heat in 1:41.

W. M., Orange, N. J.—1. The most extensive park is Deer Park, in the environs of Copenhagen, Denmark. The enclosure contains about 4,200 acres, and is divided by a small river. 2. The largest pleasure-ground in this country is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which contains 3,740 acres.

J. W. B., Detroit, Mich.—Lexington ran 4 miles in 7:19½, at the Metairie race-course, New Orleans, La., on April 2, 1855. (At Saratoga, N. Y., in August, 1874, Fallowcraft ran 4 miles in 7:19½, beating Lexington's time.) In September, 1876, Ten Brock ran 4 miles in 7:15½, and in May, 1877, he ran 1 mile, carrying 110 lbs in 1:39½, the fastest time ever made in this country.

B. C., Springfield, O.—To send cash and not know what you are buying is a risk no sensible man will take, whilst also appear offering goods by initials or numbers is a matter between advertiser and reader. We cannot refuse them unless we know illegitimate goods are offered, which you seem to want to purchase, and which cannot be advertised in our columns at any price.

A. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The amount paid in the last five years for pensions exceeds \$300,000,000. A bill is pending in the House, and is likely to pass, increasing the annual amount \$25,000,000. There are also numerous private bills, which, in the aggregate, will increase considerably the gross amount. Under the laws already in force, and those that Congress has manifested an intention to pass, the Treasury will pay out in five years for pensions between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000.

B. D., Cleveland, Ohio.—There are in the United States 50,017 post-offices. Of those 2,323 are known as first, second and third class respectively, and are filled by presidential appointments confirmed by the Senate. The remaining 47,694 are as fourth class offices, filled by the Postmaster-General without consulting either the President or the Senate. They include all offices where the postmasters receive an annual compensation exclusive of their commission on the money order business of their offices of less than \$1,000 per annum.

M. W., Los Vegas.—1. Bill Goode, the English pugilist, was never in this country, and A loses. 2. It was Jim Goode, his brother, who was in this country. 3. Bill Goode is twenty-one years of age, stands 5 ft 8½ in in height, and, in condition, weighs 145 lbs. 4. Goode fought Dick Roberts in a room at London, Eng., Nov. 19, 1883, and the fight ended in a draw, after a slashing mill, which lasted 33m 22s. One week later they fought again, and Goode won in 1h 22m 50s. Dick Roberts is twenty-eight years of age, stand 5 ft 6 in in height, and weighs 140 lbs.

L. L. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. At the sale of Prof. Anthony's collections of coins some days since a cent of the coinage of 1792 brought \$77.50. 2. This cent was coined under the direction of Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, to whom Congress gave the matter in charge in 1791. 3. It was debated for some time whether the United States should make its own coins or have them made abroad, and Mr. Jefferson gave it as his opinion that coinage was "an attribute of sovereignty," which ought not to be delegated. Congress having adopted his view of the subject he sent to Europe for workmen and set up a small mint at Philadelphia.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 12 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.



HE DOESN'T LIKE LETTER-CARRIERS.

THE BITTER ANIMOSITY OF A GREYHOUND TOWARD THE MEN WHO BEAR THE MAIL.

Scared by a Jack-in-the-Box.

The usual frequenters of the editorial den of the *United Irishman* were dancing a war-dance over the news of the fall of Khartoum when a young man returned from the post-office with an armful of mail matter. Pat Joyce made a grab for it, hoping of course that it contained some more drafts, like the one from Australia for £22. He dropped the bundle suddenly, for on the top was a small package that looked like a box.

"It may contain dynamite," said Joyce.

"Don't touch it," shouted George Smith.

"Let me out of the room," yelled the poet, sculptor, inventor and Irish chemist, John E. King, "or I may never live to complete my schemes for destroying England from a balloon."

Finally Joyce spat upon his hands, said he could whip any one that called him a coward and gingerly picked up the box and wanted to draw cuts as to who should open it. This method did not suit; the crowd said that in the absence of Rossa Joyce was the man to do the job. "Un-easy rests the head that wears the crown," sadly muttered Joyce, and as he mumbled a prayer he walked into the inner office, shut the door and prepared to undertake the dangerous task. The outside wrapper was removed. A wooden box was discovered. Joyce breathed hard. He took a dagger from the table and began prying at what he supposed was the cover. He discovered a spring. Up he jumped and dropped the box. As it struck the floor the real cover came off and flew up past Joyce's face to the ceiling. He dropped back into a chair and Counselor Moran, who had been looking through a crack in the door, shouted for an ambulance. No explosion taking place, the bolder ones opened the door to give assistance to Joyce. He had recovered himself, however, and was calmly examining a Jack-in-the-box, which he had inadvertently opened at the bottom instead of the top.



TOWED BY A DEER.

THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE OF A PARTY OF ADVENTUROUS CONNECTICUT HUNISMEN.



IT WASN'T DYNAMITE,

BUT ONLY A JACK-IN-THE-BOX, THAT SCARED PATRICK JOYCE OUT OF AT LEAST FIFTEEN YEARS' GROWTH.

Pugilistic Freaks.

One of the most amusing sights to be enjoyed, recently, in New York, has been the daily boxing match at Meehan & Wilson's Dime Museum, between Zip, Barnum's well-known "What-is-it?" and Asbury Ben, the Leopard Boy. The Leopard Boy displays the greater grace and science, but Zip's zeal and artistic sincerity are something wonderful. If anybody else got half as much hammering on the cocoonut he would have proclaimed his name "Dennis" after the first round.

He Had to Have His Mace.

The scene in the House of Representatives on Feb. 8, when the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms attempted to seat Mr. John D. White, a Republican member from Kentucky, was an exciting one. Mr. White, as is very generally known, never loses an opportunity to irritate the Democrats, and persists sometimes to the very verge of contempt. But on Feb. 8 the whole House was evidently with him in his refusal to be put down by personal force. Mr. Hill, the deputy, was ordered by the chair to make Mr. White take his seat, and, as the Kentucky member is of very slight figure, the deputy thought he could easily put him down as a boy squeezes a jumping-jack into its box. The House naturally

resented the insult or assault of Mr. Hill, who saw his mistake and quickly went to the Speaker's desk, shouldered the mace, and Mr. White instantly took his seat.

He Doesn't Like Letter-Carriers.

A handsome greyhound was seized by a policeman in Grand street the other day on complaint of a letter-carrier, who alleged that the animal flew at him and either bit or attempted to bite him. The dog made no effort to assault the policeman. His owner explained to the Justice that the hound had been maltreated by a letter-carrier and that he never saw the hated uniform without becoming ferociously exasperated.



FREAKS BOXING.

THE PUGILISTIC MANIA INVADERS THE CLASSIC QUIET OF THE AMERICAN DIME MUSEUM.



IT TOOK THE MACE

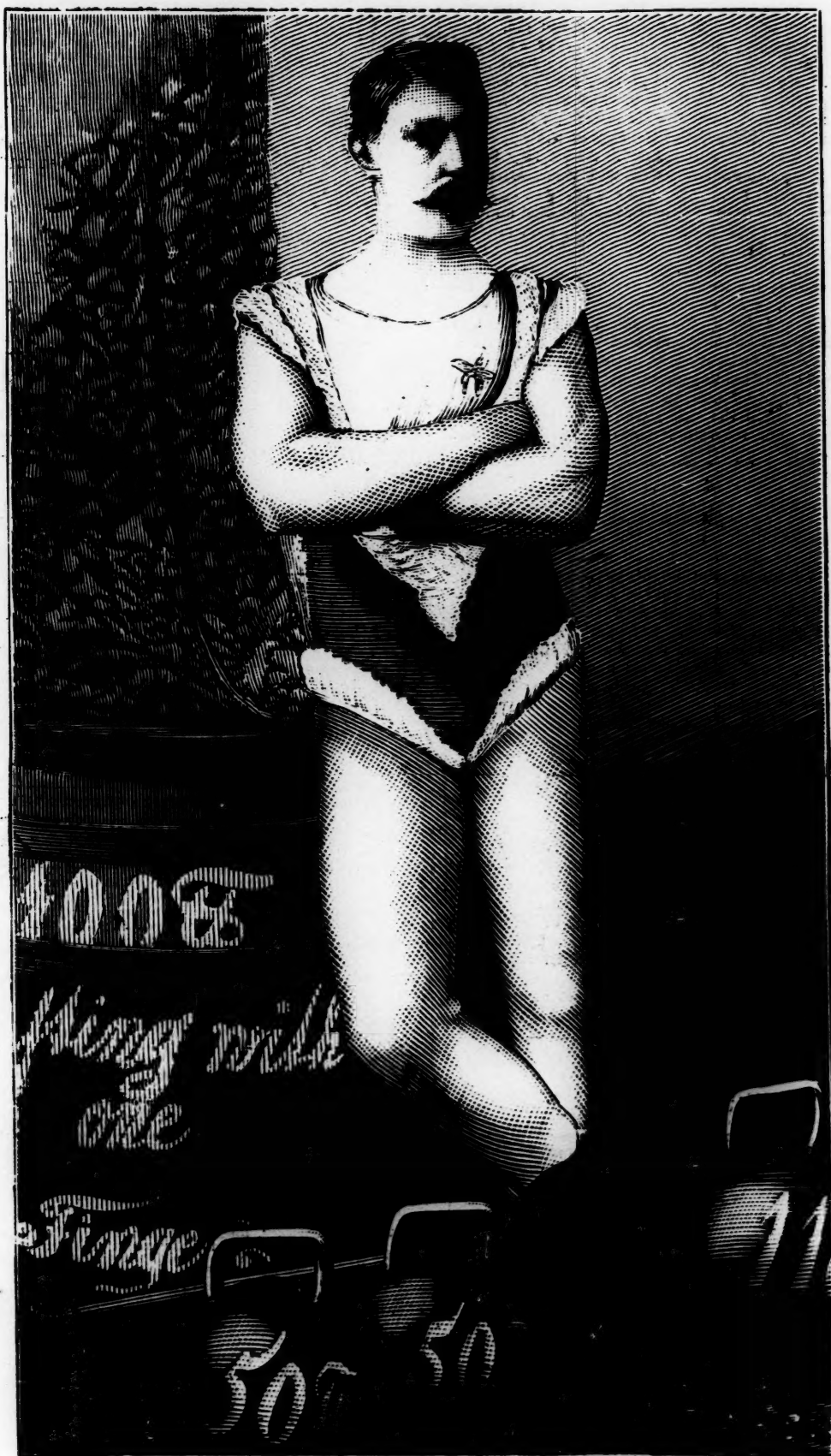
TO MAKE A REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS RESUME HIS SEAT WHEN HE DIDN'T WANT TO.



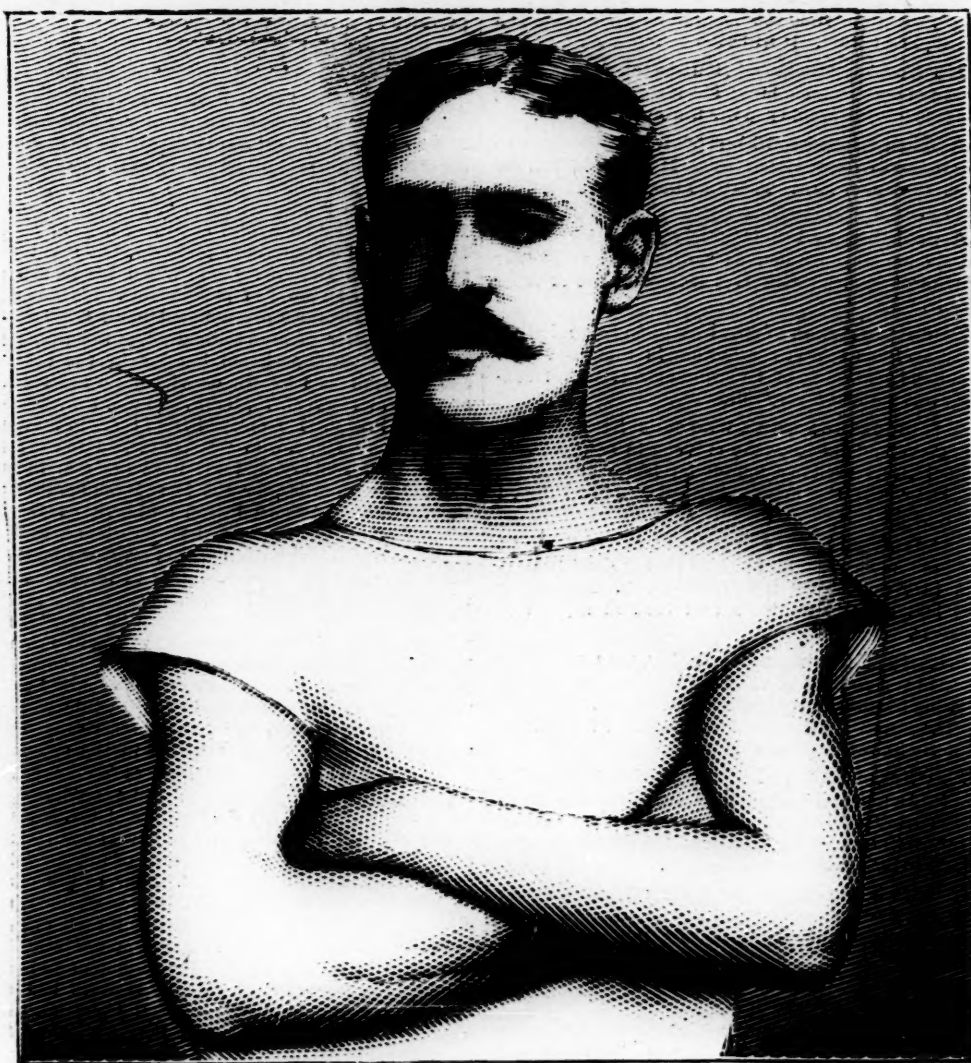
BLAZE,
THE CELEBRATED FIGHTING-DOG OF SAGA COUNTY, MICH.
[Photo by John Wood.]



CAPTAIN ENGELBRECHT,
THE CELEBRATED KNIFE DUELIST AND LATE FENCING-MASTER OF THE DANISH ROYAL GUARD.
[Photo by John Wood.]



AUGUST SCHMIDT,
ALL-ROUND CHAMPION ATHLETE AND WRESTLER OF GERMANY.



CHARLES A. CARASWELL,
THE WELL-KNOWN CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN OF UTAH TERRITORY.

BEFORE THE BAR.

Doings in the Liquor Trade--Talk Before the Festive Board.



ENACH J. SMITH.

Mr. Smith commenced his business career in the trade very early in life in this city, where he practiced the art of concoction for eighteen years, mixing the genial fluids in the vicinity of Washington market in its palmy days, when fortunes were made and spent by the social business men of the neighborhood. About twelve years ago Mr. Smith opened Franklin Hall, on the corner of Montgomery and Warren streets, Jersey City, his native place, where he has prospered ever since by fair dealings and good business habits. This gentleman is a prominent member of the Hudson County Liquor Dealers' Association, taking an active part in the struggle for the just rights of the interests. He is also a popular member of other important organizations, where he is quite noticeable for his fine physique and handsome face.

Sunday cocktails are still to be had by the knowing ones, in spite of the watchful police.

The Zuni Indians are said to be the original duds, as they smoked cigarettes some 700 years ago.

The liabilities for wines and liquors alone in the failure of the Hotel Brunswick, amount to \$110,000.

Minnesota has a new act. The drinker must have a license as well as the seller. This is too ludicrous.

Eye and rock is the proper trimmings for the mid-winter cold which some of the church deacons are now suffering from.

There is quite a lack of harmony in the Excise Board in this city. The suave Mr. Morris seems obliged to play a lone hand.

The New York drug stores are reaping a harvest since the police have begun to cork up the saloons so tight on the seventh day.

Whisky is said to be only thirty cents a glass in Florida. No wonder our consumptive friends do not last long in that country.

A Dubuque woman swore to the purchase, ownership, and personal use—for medicinal purposes only—of a forty-gallon barrel of whisky.

Saloons are daily increasing in number in Iowa, the prohibition law being almost powerless and a complete failure. It will soon be repealed.

No wonder the Hotel Brunswick failed. The crowd of duds which hung about the bar devouring the free lunches would sap the life out of any cafe.

A High License bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, Pa., by J. B. Brown, of Erie. There is likely to be a big fight over it.

A prohibitory law is tersely characterized by a Philadelphia opponent as "an attempt to protect drunkards against themselves at the expense of sober people."

Twenty glasses of gin is said to have killed a Philadelphia negro the other day in that good city. A colored gentleman of Thompson street would consider this amount a very mild dose.

A temperance crank who calls herself Cynthia Cleveland and says she is a cousin of the President-elect, lectured to a four-dollar house at Athens, Ga., last week. She mourns her lost and has skipped the town.

The Hoffman House patrons are obliged at last to sit down to real luncheons that are paid for before they can obtain a Sabbath drink. Heretofore they had only to sit down and look at a plate of crackers.

Johnny Thompson, the actor, was recently arrested and accused of violating the theatre law by allowing the sale of liquor without a license. He runs the Thompson theatre on Eighth street in this city, formerly known as Aberle's.

The State Central Liquor Dealers' Association held a meeting in this city last week and voted to present a bill to the Legislature which will put an end to the arbitrary and final action of the excise commissioners in the revocation of licenses.

In Des Moines the number of saloons has increased from 610 to 122 since the so-called "prohibition" went into effect. As these sellers have no license to pay, they can stand an occasional confiscation of stock, which is kept low in expectation of such emergencies.

An up-town Broadway dealer knows how to work the Sunday racket. He puts his bartender in a closet to serve drinks from behind the door. When the sharp-eyed Hawshaw sneaks in and looks around he sees the big bar covered up and the proprietor apparently figuring out the week's receipts. A dozen or so men are knocking the billiard-balls around for

amusement. He looks on for a moment and then leaves. No sooner has he shut the door behind him, before a negro waiter fishes out several cocktails from the hole in the closet door and serves them at one of the tables with an extra smile on his bronzed phiz.

Mr. McDowell is in the Tennessee Legislature. He is loaded with a bill that is to beat his famous faro bill all hollow. This one is a corker. His other bill knocked faro out in Tennessee completely, and to-day there are not over a dozen professional gamblers in Nashville. Nothing but poker goes. A great deal of draw is played, there being several large houses devoted exclusively to short cards. The games are rather big ones, too, the most of the players being merchants, clerks, officials and bank people. Mr. McDowell's old bill merely referred to faro, keno, roulette, hazard, etc. It didn't touch poker. Mr. McDowell now proposes to make it a penitentiary offense to play poker in Tennessee. He proposes to send to the penitentiary anybody and everybody who plays a game of cards for any stake—even for the beer. He takes in dice-throwing, pedro, seven-up, euchre, Boston, whist, all hearts, pinocle, sixty-six, cribbage, casino, black jack, black maria, marbles, basetball, football, hop-scotch, last tag, hide-and-seek, pussy wants a corner, leap frog, flip, mumbly-peg, tunk, backgammon, dominoes, checkers, billiards, pool, last one over the fence is a nigger, bunco, wheel of fortune, stim-lams, bluff, kite flying, burglary, jug distemper, and all the other popular games of the day. It is altogether likely that this bill of Mr. McDowell's will go through, and then the boys will not have a chance to even hang on by their eyelids. Mr. McDowell is going to do more. He is going to make it a penal offense for anybody to buy, or sell, or make anything to drink in the State of Tennessee. This will do away with all the breweries, distilleries, saloons and moonshiners of the State. There is talk of amending the bill so as to provide that everybody in the State shall be compelled to go to church three times a day and remain there eight hours each visit. Mr. McDowell is terribly in earnest in what he is about, and the general impression is that he will get through with the bills. If he does, one effect will be to increase the death-roll and cause the asylums to overflow. If poker, faro and whisky are all removed at one and the same time from Tennessee there will be the devil to pay.

WILLIAM, ALIAS "SHANG" CLARK.

[With Portrait.]

William Clark, familiarly known as "Shang" Clark, a celebrated Canadian crackman, safe-blower, desperado, and leader of gangs, was recently sentenced to a term of twenty years' imprisonment in the Michigan penitentiary. His crime was robbing a toll-gate on the outskirts of Bay City, Michigan, in company with two pals, who received similar sentences. They brutally inflicted the most agonizing torture upon the poor woman, literally roasting the flesh off her feet by means of a burning lamp, in order to compel a disclosure of the whereabouts of her worldly possessions. They succeeded finally in securing their booty, of no great magnitude, but were eventually captured by the infuriated populace and after a short trial were consigned to their justly-merited deserts.

"Shang" was born in Toronto, Canada, and is a man about 6 feet in height, of muscular build, weighing about 175 pounds, and apparently about forty-five years of age. He wears in the daily walks of life, usually, a long, heavy beard, and is quite devoid of hair on the cranium, otherwise bald-headed. He is a desperate villain, quick to pull his "gun" on a copper when his freedom is in jeopardy, and has been a ring-leader in all species of hazardous enterprises. His associates have embraced such characters as Matt Carpenter, Billy Lawlor, Clush Donohue, Sam Lindsay and Johnny Whalen, all well-known Canadian crackmen, who have served repeated terms at various prisons throughout the provinces, some of whom at present are still in durance.

"Molly Matches" and Jim Papes, two well-known crooks, the former of whom is now a convict in Joliet, Ill., were long confederates under his command and many robberies and other rascalities have been perpetrated by them.

JOE HOWARD.

[With Portrait.]

A detective of Pinkerton's Agency, arrested lately Joseph Killoran, alias "Joe Howard," in Philadelphia for being concerned in the robbery of the First National Bank, in Coldwater, Mich., on Aug. 1, 1883. Of the prisoner R. A. Pinkerton said: "Joseph Killoran is a New Yorker by birth, and comes of a good family. He inherited considerable property, but spent it in gambling and riotous living. When his money was gone he joined a party of pickpockets. He afterward fell in with George Bliss, a noted bank burglar, who was the partner of Max Shilburne, at the time probably the most expert safe burglar in the country. Joe Killoran was finally convicted for the robbery of the Waterford, N. Y., Bank, and was sentenced to Auburn Prison. He escaped from there in company with Jimmy Hope, who was concerned in the Manhattan Bank robbery, and was next arrested in New York city with Miles, for the B. R. Bank burglary of Barr, Vt. The Auburn Prison authorities being informed of his arrest, claimed him to be an escaped prisoner, and he was taken back to Auburn Prison to serve out the balance of his term of imprisonment, which expired about two years ago."

"Joe" Howard was concerned with "Jimmy" Hope, "Wooster Sam," George Bliss and others in the robbery of the Beneficial Savings Fund, and Kensington Bank burglary at Philadelphia, which occurred about ten years ago. He was also concerned with "Jimmy" Hope, George Mason, Ike Marsh, alias "Big Ike," "Tom" Curley and "Mike" Welsh in the successful robbery of the First National Bank at Wellsborough, Pa. Here the family were bound and gagged, and the cashier made to open his own safe, and the contents taken out. With Jimmy Hope and two others he was concerned in the attempted robbery of the First National Bank at Wilmington, Del. Four of the party, including Hope and Howard, were arrested and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment each and ordered to receive fifty lashes. The sentence was executed, but after a few months' imprisonment all hands succeeded in making their escape. Howard has also worked with Scott and Dunlap, of the Northampton Bank burglary; also with Sam Peris, Thomas McCormick, Johnny Love, and in fact with all the leading professional bank burglars in the country. He has always made this city his home.

Since coming out after serving his last imprisonment he has quit burglary, and has been working almost entirely with bank sneak-thieves. He was

working with Western sneak-thieves when he perpetrated the robbery for which he is at present arrested. Three persons entered the First National Bank at Coldwater, Mich., about noon, Aug. 1, 1883. Howard engaged the attention of the cashier, a second man engaged the attention of the paying-teller, while Edward Quinn, of Chicago, entered the bank, sneaked along the counter and succeeded in getting into the vault without being observed. He took a package of bonds worth \$10,000, when, through some act of carelessness on his part, he attracted the attention of the cashier to the vault, who, on discovering Quinn in the vault, tried to seize him. Quinn immediately pulled out a pistol and threatened to kill the cashier in case he attempted to detain him. In this way he backed out of the bank, where a wagon was in waiting for the whole party, and they were rapidly driven away.

DUDES COMPELLED TO DANCE.

Kept at it for Five Hours at the Muzzles of Mountaineers' Revolvers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A story has just come to light at Canton, Ga., which affords much amusement to natives at the expense of three Boston dudes, whose connection with the opening of a Georgia marble quarry brought them there. Their names are John Shellman, Edward Ammen and Henry Roudan. They have had much amusement with mountain boosters and delighted in showing off their superior accomplishments. While on the way to Tates recently they met two harmless-looking country boys who, barefooted and with but one suspender over their shoulders, were trudging to town. The Bostonians stepped in front of them and ordered them to dance to a Massachusetts juba.

When the mountaineers became satisfied that the Bostonians were in earnest they pulled out two ugly-looking revolvers and changed the programme by ordering the dudes to dance. Thinking to humor the joke and thus escape easily they danced awhile, but the boys would not let them halt. For five hours under cover of revolvers the Bostonians danced such a jig as has never before been seen. When the time was up, one of the mountaineers exclaimed: "Now, dang it, run!"

The Bostonians were only too glad to do so and reached town footsore and weary. They are now seeking legal redress.

LADIES WITNESS A DOG-FIGHT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a marked coldness between a number of prominent society ladies in New Haven. Hitherto bosom friends shun each other at receptions and balls and other friendships are widely sundered. This alarming social discord is the outcome of a big dog-fight which was attended by about fifty fashionable belles. A young lady who is very fond of dogs recently held a novel reception. She invited a large number of her female friends to bring their canine pets to her residence, that the dogs of the upper ten might become better acquainted. About fifty brutes of the various high-toned breeds were there. Refreshments were served. Sauces of cream, fried chicken, beefsteak and other victuals were supplied and the animals ate to repletion. Finally a dog took another by the ear, and they began rolling and tussling over the carpet. Two other dogs fastened on to each other. These fights stimulated the other dogs, and the melee became general. The butler and coachman were called in and found the young ladies crying and screaming and standing on chairs. They cleared the room in about three minutes, during which the coachman had one of his fingers nipped by an exasperated pup. The party broke up with crimination and recrimination, and the young women gathered up and conveyed their respective darlings from the field of battle.

PROF. AUGUST SCHMIDT.

[With Portrait.]

August Schmidt, the champion wrestler of North Germany, decorated and declared champion by Emperor William at the Royal Hippodrome, Berlin, 1882, was born March 24, 1832, in Konigsberg, Prussia. His height is 5 feet 11 inches, weight 170 pounds, chest measurement 45 inches. Schmidt arrived in this country in October, 1883, was matched against and defeated by Edwin Bibby for a stake of \$200 and gate receipts. Subsequently he met and defeated Fritz Gonnemwein, champion of Switzerland, who weighed 270 pounds, George Hopper, Greco-Roman wrestler, and R. Rickenbach, the best Swiss wrestler in this country.

THE FIGHTING-DOG "BLAZE."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Blaze is a 45-pound black-and-white dog. He is owned by a sport of Sagar county, Mich. He is three years old, and was bred from an English greyhound and English bull-terrier. After winning several battles off the chain, he met the Kexxy dog of Bay City, weighing 64 pounds, about one year ago. The match was for \$150 a side, and Blaze won the fight in 46 minutes.

Blaze is at present prepared to meet any dog in America of even weight for any reasonable amount. He is a game stayer, and is considered one of the best wrestlers and punishers in the country.

"MANY SECRETS REVEALED; or, Ten Years Behind the Scenes in Washington City," has just been published. It treats of the moral and political delinquencies of men in high places, and the disclosures made will make men in good positions halt. It is rarely you find a journalist bold enough to expose such a class in all their naked deformity. But the manner in which the author handles the various subjects treated upon shows that he possesses a fund of information almost inexhaustible. He admits that men and women in Washington live in mortal dread of the POLICE GAZETTE, which he acknowledges to be one of the best conservators of good morals published on this continent. Price 65c., of R. H. KIRK, No. 1,235 Ninth Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

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In future the columns of the GAZETTE will close on Wednesday, in lieu of Thursday. Our patrons will be governed accordingly.

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Genuine Fancy Transparent Playing Cards. Old timers, guaranteed. By mail, 60c.; 2 pks. \$1. Address C. A. CARTER, Bridgewater, Mass.

TO ADVERTISERS.

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As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertiser is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

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Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 200 " " " Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 2½ inches wide.

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On receipt of Fifteen Cents in stamps E. N. COOK & CO., the well-known distillers of Buffalo, N. Y., will furnish a complete and reliable

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containing receipts for the mixture of all fancy drinks compiled by the leading barkeepers of the country. Make early application. Edition is small.



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J. Reilly, 91 South St., N. Y., Wholesale Dealer in Fine Brandy, Wines and Cigars, Champagnes, Scotch Ale and London Porter, also Dealer in Pennsylvania Rye and Kentucky Bourbon Whisky. N. B.—Family Trade a Specialty. Mail orders promptly attended to.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Portraits of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 218 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

"AH, THERE! Just My Style." Five Superb photos and 14 spicy pictures, natural as life, showing a young married couple in all sorts of antics. By mail, 30c. Pocket-book free with every order. Address Geo. T. Wilson, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS.

Male and Female, taken from nature. Red-hot, in sets of (3), sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy pictures, guaranteed, 5 sets, \$2. W. Scott, 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

A Portrait of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and Paddy Ryan, ex-champion of America, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 10 one-cent stamps. RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.

The Broome-Hannan Prize Fight, a splendid, large engraving, magnificently colored, will be sent with the Key, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 50c. RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40 New York City.

Choice Sample Cabinets! Male 13c.; Female 18c.; Scenes 13c.; Colored 25c.; Set 50c.; 3 sets, \$1; 1 dozen sets, \$2.50; 100, assorted, \$5. Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Heenan and Sayers Prize Fight, with Key, both pictures suitable for framing, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25c. RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.

Too funny for anything. 15 spirited pictures showing a young married couple in all sorts of antics. By mail, 25c. WARREN & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tom Sayers' Battles, colored, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 75c. RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.

Bright! New! Rare! Sensational Photo-Novels; just out, 10 cts.; 3, 25 cts. Box 435, Foxboro, Mass.

20 Spicy Photos (from nature). New, 10c. (silver). Secured. Box Ton Photo Co., Foxboro, Mass.

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Photos for gents only. Sure to suit. Two for 10c.; 12 for 50c. BREKMAN & Co., Latham, Ohio.

REWARDS.

\$500 REWARD

If captured in February, 1885, a smaller reward if captured afterward, will be paid for the arrest, or information that will lead to the arrest, of Carl Taylor, town treasurer. Description—About 5 feet 9 inches in height; about 24 years old; weighs about 140 pounds; light hair; dark-gray eyes; slight mustache, and light-colored, scattering, young beard; swaggering walk and affects dime novel airs. Crimes—Arson and stealing about \$10,000 town money. Also

\$500 REWARD

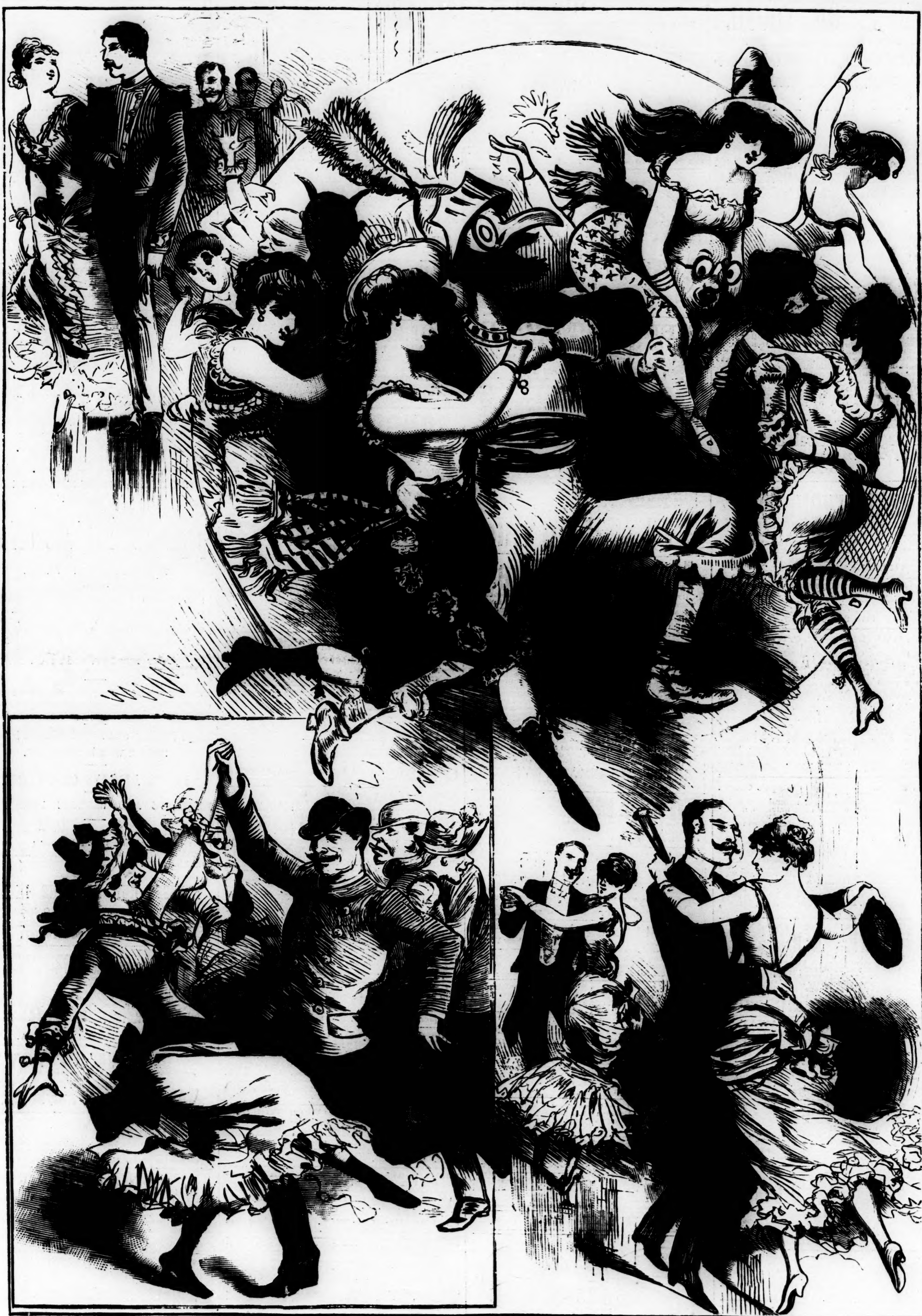
For the arrest of Gaylord Kees. Description—Height about 5 feet 10 inches, weight about 180 pounds, age about 35 years, hair dark, mustache light, eyes dark gray, jaw square, and villainous look. Address J. C. Ferguson, Sheriff, Medford, Taylor Co., Wis.

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